

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 338.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1834.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.
[A. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

History of Egyptian Mummies, with Remarks on the Funeral Ceremonies of Different Nations, and Observations on the Mummies of the Canary Isles—of the Ancient Peruvians—of the Burman Priests, &c. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. &c. 4to. Plates. London: Longman.

This is a subject of extreme interest, whether we consider it as connected with the history of the human race, or as affording unquestionable evidence regarding the state of certain arts and sciences at the remote period to which its records refer. Under the former head, it shows us, that mankind were, even in those early days, divided into varieties, separated from each other by as wide distinctions as those now known to exist; consequently, that such varieties, if we suppose them derived from a common stock, must have originated within a portion of time, comparatively short, and within which, modifying circumstances were necessarily much fewer than in the subsequent periods of refinement and civilization, during which, nevertheless, no new variety has arisen: under the latter, it shows a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance—of magnificence and meanness: the texture of their linen, at times of extreme fineness, is contrasted with the rude nature of their cutting implements and utensils; the body is often superbly gilt—the sarcophagus, in which it is enclosed, painted with figures well delineated, in colours of a brightness which now defy the chemist's art, yet, with a total want of perspective, and a deficiency in any but the primitive tints, inasmuch that a deep red is employed to express the adust complexion of the male, while a yellow is their nearest approach to the more delicate tint of the female. The emblems, also, of the profession or trade of the deceased, are not unfrequently found interred with him, and some of these are of a nature to evince, not only civilization, but luxury.

"Thus we have pick-axes and various instruments for agricultural and mechanical purposes, the net of the fisherman, the razor and stone to sharpen it of a barber, cupping glasses, vases of perfumes, pottery, and wooden vessels of all kinds, baskets of fruits, seeds, &c. Loaves of bread near to the mummy of a baker, paints and brushes alongside of an artist, various instruments of surgery by the body of a physician, a bow and arrow by the side of a hunter, a lance by the soldier, a hatchet and poignard by another, and the style and the receptacle for ink by the clerk. The distaff has been found in the cases of male mummies, which would appear to confirm the statement of Herodotus that the men were employed in the manufacture of the cloth, whilst the females were engaged in commerce. Combs, paints, mirrors, and other articles of the toilet, have been found with the mummies of females. In a box of wood placed in the neighbourhood of a mummy, almost entirely decayed, M. Passalacqua found nine instruments in silex, which he conceived to be

knives for making the incision in the flanks of the dead."

In addition to these, are enumerated spangles, combs, necklaces, bracelets, rings, engraved stones, bells, musical reed or pipe, bronze mirror, ivory pins for the head, and various other articles, which bespeak a state of advancement, from which many subsequent ages seemed but to retrograde.

Viewed thus, the History of Mummies is calculated to afford both instruction and entertainment, and Mr. Pettigrew has performed an useful and acceptable task in collecting together the information bearing on it, which lay scattered through such numerous volumes of travels, researches, and periodical publications, and illustrating it by observations, the result of his own experience. This has been tolerably extensive: acquainted with Belzoni, Mr. Pettigrew had, through his means, an opportunity of examining three mummies; he has, also, witnessed the unrolling of one presented to the Royal Asiatic Society by Sir John Malcolm, lectured on one which he himself opened at Charing-Cross Hospital, examined others which were placed at his disposal by Mr. Saunders and Dr. John Lee, and assisted Mr. Davidson to unroll one last July at the Royal Institution, upon which occasion Mr. Davidson delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture, a full report of which, our readers will recollect, was given in our 299th Number. Furthermore, Mr. Pettigrew examined the mummy brought into this country by Dr. Perry, which was rendered remarkable by having an exostosis (bony tumour) extending along the outer side of the right orbit; he also witnessed the unrolling of Mr. Reeder's mummy at the Mechanics' Institute, and assisted at the recent examinations at the London University and the Royal College of Surgeons. These have been ample opportunities of acquiring information on the subject, and the following incident will show that Mr. Pettigrew has not been slow to profit by them; at the same time, that it exhibits a curious proof of the certainty which can now be attained in deciphering hieroglyphical inscriptions.

The mummy belonging to the College now "attracted my attention, and when, from an examination of the hieroglyphic characters marked upon it, I declared its inhabitant to have been a priest of the temple of Ammon, I was assailed by not a few with ridicule, the face painted upon the case being so delicate and strongly resembling that of a female. To satisfy myself upon this subject, I solicited from the council of the College the loan of some drawings of the case which had been some years since very carefully executed by Mr. Clift, jun., under the inspection of his father, William Clift, Esq., the very respected and intelligent conservator of the Museum. By the assistance of Mr. Wilkinson, I was enabled to make out very satisfactorily, not only that the mummy contained within the case, was that of a priest of the temple I have mentioned, but that he was of an inferior order of the priesthood (an incense bearer), and that his name was Horseisi, and the son of Nas-

pihiniegori, of the same grade and profession; and, having ascertained this, I was desirous, not only on account of my own reputation, but for the verification of hieroglyphical literature, to have the case opened and the matter determined. The council of the College most liberally assented to my request, and honoured me by their invitation to perform this in the theatre of the College in the presence of the members and a large assemblage of distinguished literary and scientific characters, who did me the honour to attend upon the occasion. One circumstance only dwelt upon my mind as likely to cause a possible disappointment—the occurrence of, by any accident, a body having been substituted for the one originally intended. Upon opening the case, however, the first thing that presented itself, was a singular identification of the individual, by having a fillet of linen loosely folded rounded the legs, on which were inscribed the hieroglyphical characters denoting the name and profession of the deceased. In the course of the unrolling of the mummy, I found this inscription repeated, with slight variations, no less than four times; and it is worthy of remark, as showing the hieroglyphics to have been used with great freedom and as a kind of tachygraphy, that in one instance the hieroglyphics denoting some of the letters were left out, thus abridging the name, as would be likely to occur in any rapid writing of the present day. It is sufficient to observe, that the result of the examination justified the prediction I had given—the particulars of the investigation will be found in their proper places in this work."

It is pretty well known that, for this facility in understanding hieroglyphics, the world is chiefly indebted to the laborious researches of Dr. Young; and many of our readers who frequent the British Museum have doubtless observed the famous Rosetta Stone, from the triple inscription on which he made his discovery.

"The stone, which is of black basalt, it may be right here to state, was discovered by the French when digging for the foundation of Fort St. Julian, near Rosetta, buried four feet beneath the surface of the ground. This monument, which affords to us the only known clue to the hieroglyphics, and furnishes an example of the style of an Egyptian record or decree, may fairly be considered as one of the most interesting Egyptian antiquities in the world. It is deposited in the British Museum, and Mr. Hamilton tells us that when the claim was made for its delivery to the British authorities it was not given up without many remonstrances and deep regret on the part of the French.

"The inscription on this stone is trilingual or rather trigrammatic: hieroglyphic or sacred, enchorial or native character, and the Greek. This is, perhaps, almost the only hieroglyphical inscription in the world accompanied by a translation, and from the Greek we find that it is an inscription in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and that the decree was ordered to be engraved in three different characters, the sacred, the native, and the Greek. It was executed in the ninth year of this sovereign, or 196 B.C. The stone is unfortunately imperfect, being deficient of a part at the commencement of the first inscription, the beginning of the second, and the latter part of the third. * * *

"M. De Sacy was, I believe, the first to com-

pare the Greek inscription with the enchorial and hieroglyphic, and in two passages of the Greek, in which the proper names of Alexander and Alexandria occur, he recognized two well-marked groups of characters, very nearly resembling each other: these he justly considered as representing proper names. He made out also the place of the name of Ptolemy, but beyond this he could not proceed, and abandoned the research. M. Akerblad resumed the enquiry, established what M. De Sacy had done, and endeavoured to construct an alphabet, but in this he completely failed. This failure has been attributed to the notion which he and his predecessor had imbibed that the whole inscription was alphabetical, and partly from his expectation of finding all the vowels which the same words contain in the Coptic text still extant. In 1814, Dr. Young directed his attention to this ancient monument, and the result of his unparalleled labours was given anonymously as an appendage to a communication made in 1815, by Sir W. Edward Rouse Boughton, Bart., to the Society of Antiquaries, entitled, 'Some Remarks on Egyptian Papyri and on the Inscription of Rosetta.'"

Of the mode in which Dr. Young proceeded in this great discovery, he has himself informed us in the article 'Egypt,' which he wrote for the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"First, attending to the enchorial text, he verified the previous observations of M. de Sacy and M. Akerblad as to the names of Alexander and Alexandria, and the application of the numerals. He next observed a remarkable collection of characters, repeated twenty-nine or thirty times in the enchorial inscription, and he found that nothing occurred so often in the Greek, except the word *king*, with its compounds, which he found about thirty-seven times; a fourth assemblage of characters he found fourteen times, and this agreed sufficiently with the name of Ptolemy, which occurred eleven times in the Greek: and by a similar comparison he identified the name of Egypt, although it occurs much more frequently in the enchorial than in the Greek, which often substitutes for it country only, or omits it entirely. He then proceeded to write the Greek text over the enchorial in such a manner, that the passages ascertained might also coincide as nearly as possible, and by this arrangement, the intermediate parts of each inscription were found to stand very near to the corresponding passages of the other.

"Having succeeded thus far, Dr. Young proceeded to analyze and decipher the hieroglyphical text, and by a comparison of this with the enchorial and the Greek texts he ascertained the places of some most prominent names and words, as *Ptolemy* (which he found in one place occurred three times in the hieroglyphics, though only twice in the Greek), *God, king, priest, shrine*, by which he obtained a number of common points of subdivision; he then proceeded to write all the three inscriptions side by side, and was thus enabled to investigate the sense of the respective characters, and institute a minute comparison of the different parts with each other. At length he succeeded in arranging the results of his enquiry, and gave a vocabulary comprising upwards of 200 names or words, which he had succeeded in deciphering in the hieroglyphical and enchorial texts, and in the Egyptian MSS. This is given in the article on Egypt I have referred to, and has been justly pronounced to be 'the greatest effort of scholarship and ingenuity of which modern literature can boast.'"

To Dr. Young succeeded M. Champollion; who, walking diligently in the path that was thus traced out, and having the good fortune to meet with a monument of great interest in

the isle of Philæ, containing, in many places, the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, was, at length, enabled, by a careful examination and comparison of the signs entering into these names, to effect a tolerably full development of the principles of the hieroglyphic alphabet, which he gave to the world in his '*Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens*.'

But, to return to Mr. Pettigrew: his book commences with a chapter on mummies, and an account of the use once made of them in medicine; and, when we say, that he has never even once alluded to their employment in the magnetic and sympathetic cures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—never mentioned the names of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, Sebastian Wurdig, Sir Kenelm Digby, Fludd, and many others, by whom they were used or extolled, it will be hardly necessary that we should formally record our opinion, that, whatever else may be Mr. Pettigrew's merits, they by no means include deep learning, or painful research. In fact, most of his book is taken from very obvious sources, and his quotations generally at second hand; however, this does not hinder it from being entertaining to those who have paid but little attention to the subject, or who dread going to search after it in more erudite tomes.

As regards the ancient modes of embalming, such full details will be found in the report of Mr. Davidson's lecture, already alluded to, that we refrain from entering further into the subject; respecting, however, the more modern methods of preparing mummies, especially where, from their use in medicine, they had become an article of commerce, Mr. Pettigrew gives some curious particulars:—

"Some Jews entered upon a speculation to furnish the mummy thus brought into demand as an article of commerce, and undertook to embalm dead bodies and to sell them to the Christians. They took all the executed criminals, and bodies of all descriptions that could be obtained, filled the head and inside of the bodies with simple asphaltum, an article of very small price, made incisions into the muscular parts of the limbs, inserted into them also the asphaltum, and then bound them up tightly. This being done, the bodies were exposed to the heat of the sun; they dried quickly, and resembled in appearance the truly prepared mummies. These were sold to the Christians.

"Guy De la Fontaine, physician to the king of Navarre, took a journey into Egypt, and being at Alexandria, sought out the principal Jew concerned in this traffic, and requested to see his collection of mummies. This was very willingly granted, and several bodies heaped one on the other were speedily shown to him. Enquiring as to the places whence they had been obtained, and anxious to know whether that which the ancients had written respecting the treatment of the dead and their mode of sepulture could be confirmed, the Jew laughed at him and hesitated not to say that all the bodies then before them, amounting to between thirty and forty, had been prepared by him during the last four years, and that they were the bodies of slaves or other persons indiscriminately collected. De la Fontaine then enquired as to what nation they belonged, and whether they had died of any horrible disease, such as leprosy, the small pox, or the plague, to which the Jew replied that he cared not whence they came, whether they were old or young, male or female, or of what disease they had died, so long as he could obtain them, for that when embalmed no one could tell, and added, that he

himself marvelled how the Christians, so daintily mouthed, could eat of the bodies of the dead. The Jew then detailed to De la Fontaine the mode of embalming adopted by him, which was in agreement with that just alluded to by M. Guyon."

The mummies of the Guanches—of the Peruvians—and the preserved bodies of the Capuchin friars, in the catacombs at Palermo, are too well known to render it necessary we should say anything regarding them; but, some incidents respecting the desiccation and subsequent incrimination of a Burman priest, related to Mr. Pettigrew by Captain Coke, who witnessed them, well deserve attention. This gentleman, who was engaged in the last Burmese war, found himself one day deserted by all the natives whom he had been employing on some works of great urgency. Upon going to inquire the cause, he found, that a Phongyee, or native priest, was about being burned with unusual pomp, and that his workmen were all engaged in building great timber beasts, of all sizes and forms, to be used in the important ceremony. He was invited to the Kioum, or convent, where the deceased last resided, and where he was now lying in state.

"Upon our arrival there, we found the body lying exposed to public view, upon a stage constructed of bamboos, gaudily but rather tastefully decorated, with tinsel and coloured paper. The entrails of the deceased, (who had been dead upwards of a month,) had been taken out a few hours after death, by means of an incision in the stomach, and the vacuum being filled with honey and spices, the opening was sewed up. The whole body was then covered over with a slight coating of resinous substance called *dhamma*, and wax, to preserve it from the air, after which it was richly overlaid with gold leaf, thus giving the body the appearance of one of the finely moulded images so common in the temples of the worshippers of BOODH. . . .

"A few days after we had visited the kioum, there was a grand procession of all the monstrous representations of animals that Burman ingenuity had devised, through the principal streets of the town, and along the lines of the cantonment. These animals were elevated on a low stage with wheels, and were drawn by the retainers of the petty chieftains, who had each constructed a huge rocket of timber, well secured by belts of iron, and then strongly lashed with green rattan between the legs of the beast which each had chosen to construct. Bodies of the natives, too, who lived independently, and owned no chief's supremacy, had associated themselves together, for the purpose of sending delegates to this strange assembly."

The procession commenced with files of women, carrying fruit and flowers; these were followed by a band of music, and these by dancing-girls and chorus-singers.

"Then came the monsters! the aforementioned elephant and formidable rocket in the van; next approached an unwieldy rhinoceros, then boars with bristly backs, camels whose heads overtopped the loftiest of our mansions, bison who were all neck and eyes, tigers with tails borne aloft, buffalos with crimson eyes and vermilion nostrils, bears with shaggy skins, horses equalling the famed one of Ulysses in dimensions, and one *par excellence* surmounted by a figure in due proportion of an English sergeant brandishing a halbert of the size of a weaver's beam. The rear of the lengthened array was brought up by representatives of most of the natives of the field, the forest, and the flood, and finally closed by a vast concourse of chorus-singers and standard-bearers. . . .

"About the middle of April, the beginning of

the new year, and two months after the Phonygee's decease, the body was brought out of the kioum, and placed upon a lofty stage on wheels, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, formed of open fretted bamboo work, with a profusion of small flags and pinnacles highly decorated with paint, tinsel, and gold leaf. The body was about twenty feet from the ground, with an open canopy above, about which much ingenuity had been called into action, and no expense spared to render it imposing in the eyes of the multitude. Several huge creepers which entwined and strangled the forest trees of the east, and of the thickness of a ship's cable, were spliced together and attached to opposite extremities of the car, which was drawn out to an open plain in the vicinity of the kioum. Here from ten to twelve thousand people were assembled, as many of whom as could possibly find room for their hands linked themselves to the wooden cables, and each party raising a tumultuous shout strove to drag the car in contrary directions. At the first heave of the vast multitude, I expected to see the car rent into a thousand pieces; but it stood firm against the efforts of both parties. For a length of time neither party gained the ascendancy; sometimes one would be dragged bodily a few feet to the rear; but rallying again, and by a desperate effort, they would soon recover the lost ground, and by the exertion gain somewhat of their adversary, holding it in turn but for a moment. At last a cable snapped, and away whirled the car at the full speed of 1500 devotees, now worked up to an enthusiastic phrensy by the joyous exclamations of the assembled host of idle but not uninterested spectators. Their triumph was, however, of short duration, part of their opponents clinging to the car and clambering on the stage impeded its progress, while the remainder pursued with the broken cable borne aloft on their shoulders; in a few minutes the disjointed part was again lashed to the car, and a check and again a struggle took place. This laborious contest continued for two or three days, when the time had arrived that the body was ultimately to be destroyed. * * *

"At mid-day the car, with its numerous attached miniature pagodas, wooden monsters, and their rockets, was drawn out along a road cut expressly for the purpose through the dense jungle which enclosed the village on the land side, into a small plain about a mile distant. The scene now became of the greatest interest, and one of the finest that could be imagined; the gracefully shaped car was placed in the centre of the plain, which was girt on three sides by an amphitheatrical range of low hills, which run in a parallel line to the Salween River. The fanciful figures of the beasts were drawn up in a kind of battle array, at some short distance upon every side of the stage upon which lay the Phonygee's body. Round about them not fewer than 30,000 people were assembled, who, unshackled by castes, were dressed in brilliant and many-coloured costumes, that were well relieved by the dark mass of the foliage which enriched the plain, and connected the rugged sides of the hills, whose loftier eminences were crowned with the light tapering spires of pagodas, and temples of GUADIA.

"The unfortunate ex-king of Pegu, with his golden chattrah, and surrounded by his mimic court, took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. The ascent of a few rockets was the signal for the commencement of a general attack upon the Phonygee's car by the surrounding monsters. The rocket between the legs of each being lighted, the animals were propelled by the force of the powder in the direction towards which they were pointed: so from every side they were seen bearing down upon the car, vomiting forth a long train of fire and smoke, and (to make a simile) like so many line-of-

battle ships firing their bow-guns in full chase. Some, indeed, deviated a little from the line intended, and charging the crowd on the opposite side of the circle, trampled down all before them. Two or three people were crushed to death by this 'untoward event,' and the shaft of a sky-rocket descending through an unfortunate boy's head, killed him on the spot. One poor representative of a pig (the cunning construction of some Shans who had possessed sufficient interest to procure English powder for the loading of their rocket), true to its nature, would not advance a single step. It retrograded, obliqued to the right and left, made a dead halt, and blazed away; but no efforts could induce it to come to the charge. The Shans smote their breasts in dismay, and dancing about like so many maniacs, poured in volleys of oaths and abuse, while the shrill 'ahma ta ma-koung-boo' of their wives could be distinguished amidst the uproarious peals of laughter which rose from the assembled multitude, and seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood. The *vis à tergo* in vain was tried; a chosen few of the tribe, with their brawny shoulders, gave an impulse *à posteriori*, to no avail; the rocket expired, and the pig had not advanced ten paces from the starting place. His assistance, however, (had not the honour of the Shans been touched), to complete the work of destruction, might have well been dispensed with: the combustible materials of the car were soon ignited, and when the dense cloud of smoke had swept away to leeward, all that was mortal of the Phonygee had disappeared, and not a vestige of the car remained."

We must not omit to notice two engravings by Cruikshank, one of a mummy, the other of a head of the same—of natural size and colour—which are among the most perfect things of the kind we have ever seen.

The Naval Sketch Book.

(Second Notice.)

THIS book, as Trinculo sings, "savours of tar and of pitch." There is no mistaking the Captain for a fresh-water sailor—whether serious or humorous, ashore or afloat, discussing a new system of signals, writing criticisms on Smollett or Byron, Jack's eccentricities, or dialogues of the deck, he talks, acts, thinks, and feels like a seaman, and his volumes are the more welcome on that account. Perhaps the best paper in the work, is 'Jack at Oporto,' from which we gave an extract in our former notice: another much to our taste is

Jack the Giant.

"What!—your Traffylgar-tar?—That breed's gone by, my bo—few are now seen in the sarvus—your present race are another set o' men altogether—as different, aye, as different as beer and bilge-water.—They're all for *larning* now; and yet there's never one in a thousand as larns his trade—and what's worse nor all, they're all a larnin' from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters.—Why, I was aboard of a crack-craft t'other day, * * * Well, may I never see light if ev'ry chap as took a line on her deck, from stem to stern, hadn't his body braced-up with a pair o' braces crossing his shoulders, for all the world like a galliot on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows, an' knows what I speaks—for you see I was a Traffylgar chap myself.—Did you ever hear of the *Lee B*—?—Did you ever hear o' *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper?—Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infarnal fire, an' *Billy-go-tight* singin' out like a soger, 'No, I won't strike—not I—no never, not I!'—an' *Billy* bein' then brought-up with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and

saying to the skipper—'There's never no one a-azing you, Sir!'—Well, I've seed that—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-Royal-Tom*; yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over an' over again, nor it ever should be said *Bill Thompson* was seen with braces, or, more properly speakin' toppin'—lift toppin'—up his trowsers. * * *

"But then you see, *Bill*, said one of his auditors, 'then you see, men are beginnin' to get more speriencie—to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider 'emselves as much a "part o' the people," as now other people do in the world.'

"*People*!' returned Thompson, indignantly, 'I'd like to see the fellow as dare call me a "part o' the people"—I'd people him;—That's your shore-goin' gammon—your infarnal larnin' as capsizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle an' sets fire to all afloat.—Larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the seat, to curse a steamer, an' puddin' an anchor, an' then, 'stead o' callin' yourself "part o' the people," perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar.'

"Well, but *Bill*, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as good men as before Traffylgar?"

"I does—I means to say they havn't the mind as they had—they doesn't *think* the same way (that is, they *think* too much)—and moreover, they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war:—Chaps now reefin' t'apsles crawl out by the foot-ropes, an' you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallan'-studden-sail haliards.'

"Yes, but *Bill*, perhaps in your day the men were smaller, an' lighter built.'

"Smaller!—not a bit of it,—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock.—No, no, my bo, they were big enough. * * *

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft.'

"Mind ye, I doesn't say,' continued Thompson, 'that your small men aboard are not mostly the best; they're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast: and yet a double-fisted fellow tells well rousin' a tack aboard, or haulin' aft a sheet; and what's far better nor all, they're less conceited, and oft'n'er far better tempered nor chaps not half their heights.' * * *

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack* not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bledd if he was'n't spliced to a craft as long as a skysail-pole—he was what they calls a reg'lar built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard.—He was captain o' the mizen-top, an' well they knew it, the boys abaft, for he'd an infarnal tyrannical temper; his wife was quite the reverse—a better hearted cretur never slept under a gun.—See them at North Corner, or Mutton Cove, on liberty together, an' you'd see what care she'd take of her Tom—her "Tom-tit" as he was christened aboard.—Tom liked his drop—but the fellow was so short 'twould get in his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man,—there he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud an' mire till his rib (long Kate, as we called her,) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, an' take him aboard in a waterman's boat:—an' yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour.'

"Blow your dwarfs,' interrupted Thompson, 'were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard?'—one o' the ships company, you know,—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books?—'cause ye see, I sarved in a ship with a giant aboard.'

"What, a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Aye, a reg'lar-built *giant*!—a fellow as stood six feet six in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill!—Bill Murdock. * * *

"I thinks I now sees him on his beam-ends tryin' to take a caulk in the bay below.—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarfuss.—Poor Bill!—I never seed his fellow—he did his duty as captain-o'-the-hold—for 'twould never a-done o'love let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft.—Moreover he was a capital hand in the hold.—Why, he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, an' sup-out o' the bung-hole easier, aye, by far easier nor you or I could out of a breaker.—But, poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape.—It made him reg'larly mad whenever he drank—but keep him from lickor, an' there wasn't his fellow afloat.—A nicer mannered man never Sallyport seed—an' a prettier-spoken chap never entered a tap. Tho' big, and bulky as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afloat trod lighter the deck.—Keep him from drink, an' he'd sing a stave as 'ould win, aye, the first lady in the land—sober, the skipper himself wasn't better behaved.—He hadn't the heart to hurt a fly—he'd take off his hat to the smallest reefer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h—for Bill.—I'm blest if he didn't live more in the midshipman's berth nor ever he did in his own.—Bill could amuse both man an' boy.—He was as much a child as any child in the ship, an' sartinly, more of a *man* nor any ten together. He could converse w' the best aboard—but though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself "*part o' the people*."—He was a capital scholar—know'd figures well—the rule o' three better.—He could hail a foreigner (and that, too, when the skipper cou'dn't) in any tongue,—no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese,—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax'em "where they were from? and where bound?" an' the like o' that.—He could spin, too, a capital yarn.—He was shipwrecked twice, once as a mate, and once as a master,—and such a chap at *chequers*, I never seed in my day.—In short, Bill was a man in a million.—But with all that, Bill was the *devil* in drink—one glass more nor his allowance, and stand clear fore-an'-aft.—'Twasn't the frigate, nor yet any *three-decked* ship in the sarfuss, as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard. * * *

"One time at Port-Royal, on a Patrick's-day, he goes reg'larly aft, an' axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes.—"Please, Sir," says he, turning as red as a soger's coat, as he faced the first-leaftennant.—"Please, Sir," says he, "I axes your pardon—I hopes no offence—but if so be," says Bill, "it's all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-an'-twenty hours in irons.—"In irons! for what?" says the first-leaftennant.—"What for?" says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-leaftennant—for you see, Bill was ashamed to say for *why*.—"To be moored out of mischief's way;—for you know, Sir," says Bill,—"I darn't—darn't trust the drop!"

"But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats.—One time we'd a cuttin'-out job in the Bay—'twas in the — frigate, for Bill and me, an' the first twenty-five on the books were drafted together in the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the *Lee L*—! she was the ship for the boats—Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig anchored off the Isle of *Jew*—(though I never afore heard of a *Jew* bein' found in France.)—Well, she was lyin' all a taunto, royal yards across, an' moored head-an'-starn, close under a six-gun battery.—As soon as the fun was fixed, an' the word "*volunteer*" gets wind below,

in course, big Bill must make his way aft, to clap down his name for the fray.—To see Bill comin' aft, scratchin' his pate with a smile on his mug as he seemed to say, "here am I—more nor a barge's-crew in myself,"—was better, aye, better by half nor a reg'lar built play.—At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leaftennant,—one Smith, was first-leaftennant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill.—He'd a shore-goin' sneerin' manner of callin' a man as Bill could never abide.—"Well, *Mister Murdock*," says Smith, "what do you want?" Well, this *Mis'ring* the man was near the capizin' o' Bill—it fairly floored him—and, no wonder—for where's the *man* among us as likes to be *Mistered* here—an' *Mistered* there.—Why, 'tisn't worse to be called "*Part-o'-the-People*."—"Well," says Smith, in a mockin' manner, "so you Mr. Murdock, you must come aft to give in your name!"—Well, this *you-ing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin' him *Mister*.—"I hopes, Sir," says Bill, "I only comes aft like a man!"—"A *man*!" says the first-leaftennant,—"a precious sight more like a monster.—Besides, *Mister Murdock*," says Smith, "you're *nothing*, you know, when sober, an' drunk, your courage is *Dutch*!"—Big as he was, a child would have floored him—Poor Bill! * * * But Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list.—"I axes your pardon," says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list. "I hopes no offence, Sir," says Bill brightenin' up at the sight o' the skipper, an' a ring o' good humour again breakin' round his mouth,—for you soon could diskeer the bent o' Bill,—"I axes your pardon," says he to the skipper, "but—I'm sorry to say, Mr. Smith won't allow me to go—he thinks me too *sober*, an' moreover, says I'm nothin' unless I've my beer aboard."—"Well, an' no more you *are*, Sir," says Smith snappin' at Bill.—"If that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, an' I'm blow'd," says Bill, thumpin' his fist on the capsten, "if another soul in the ship need be sent!"—"No, no," says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, "No, no, my man," (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, an' he never, no, never *Mistered* a man.)—"No, no," says he, "we wants you for better work—your day's to come as well as my own—Go below, my man—go below," says the skipper, tryin' to comfort Bill.—Well, Bill goes below—but seed he was not, the whole day long.—He kept out o' sight in the hold,—refused his dinner, refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt-decks a-thought, took the thing too much, entirely to heart.

"Well, the time drew nigh—the boats were manned an' armed, each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo's crew.—All was ready—the thing was managed in a manner o' silence never afore seed, or since.—Hands were shook, to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist, nor ever was said or *felt* by any o' your palaverin' parli'ment chaps.—Well, the word "Shove-off!" was given—the oars 'all muffled, an' away slid the boats out o' sight, like craft as were slidin' in slush.—The Jolly was the last that left—for she was the hospital-boat, an' the doctor's-mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her.—The doctor was ordered to keep out o' fire, an' to do no more nor dress the wounded, and patch their pates.—Well, when the jolly shoves off, there wasn't a breath to be heard aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a churchyard at night was never more still—never more dumb and dark.

"'Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell didn't strike, in course, but the glass was turned;—yes, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time

—exactly one bell, when we hears a thund'rin' row in the jolly.—She'd hardly gone twice her own length when we hears the bowman singin' out like a fellow as was fairly mazed—"Holloa!—holloa!—what the h— have we *here*?—a thund'rin' grampus, by *gee*."—"Silence! silence!" says the skipper, not more in the dark nor they in the boat,—"*Oh!* for shame! for shame, Mr. Mullins!" says the skipper, singin' out to the doctor's mate,—"*for shame*, Sir, makin' such a shockin' noise at a moment like *this*!"—for Martin said often, often, the skipper was in a terrible takin'.—"Pull away, Sir! pull away! by heaven!" says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothin' but heaven, "if you're in sight another second, I'll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!"—Jack Martin often an' often repeated the skipper's identical words.—Well, you know, this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle; not that he disliked a fray, for the fellow liked fun as well as the best:—so the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

"Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinnace, an' cutter, pulls-up alongside the brig, nor we gets one an' all a dose as sends us all staggerin' astern—empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot thrown into the boats, and the fire of musketry Crappo kept up from the shore was the most infernal fire as ever was seed.—We made three attempts—twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard—each time the boats were beat back.—Well, just as we intended to try a fourth, we hears *Mister Smith* sing out "What boat's that?"—an' the answer we hears was "*Dutch-courage!*"—"I'll show you the way, my bo!"—"Big-Bill!—Big-Bill!" by the Lord!" was the cry in the boats,—"*Hurrah!* hurrah! Big-Bill aboard, an' she's ours in a crack."—An' soon Big-Bill was aboard—an' if he didn't soon clear her decks, there's never no snakes in Virginny.—"*Gabble, gabble!*" you'd hear Crappo cry.—"*Gabble*, you know, means devil in English, and in course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift.—She soon was ours, and no sooner she was nor Bill comes aft to the first-leaftennant an' says, "*Mister Smith*," says Bill, "I think for a *sober* man, I've not done amiss."

"Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?" interrupted one of Thompson's auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

"How did he get in the boat?—Why, ye may depend he hadn't side-ropes goin' over the side, nor whipped over by the ladies'-chair.—No, no,—he did *this* though—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, an' swam quietly off to the jolly.—It was then as they thought in the jolly they'd grappled a grampus."

This story, although we have made many omissions, has run to such an unconscionable length, that we must omit altogether many other passages which we had marked for extract.

Origin and Progress of Astronomy. By J. Narrien, F.R.A.S. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

This excellent work is principally, if not solely, designed for the use of those who have made some progress in the study of astronomy; but it contains the elements of a more popular, and perhaps a more useful treatise,—namely, such a history of astronomy as would be a guide to the knowledge of the science. These elements, however, are combined with so much of other matter, demanding a large share of previous acquisitions, that we think it well to give here a slight sketch of such a history of astronomy as we think much wanting, and

would be found practically of great use. As we write for the many, we shall make little use of scientific technicalities. The simplification of knowledge, preparatory to its diffusion, is an object which we have ever kept steadily in view, and which we shall ever recommend, both by precept and example.

The foundation of astronomy, as of every other science, is certain facts learned by observation: the system of astronomy is the theory or view of those facts or phenomena which best explains their occurrence, connexion, and relation to each other. Consequently, the history of astronomy begins with an account of the celestial phenomena or appearances which first attracted human observation, and the theory devised to explain them. As the first observations were limited and imperfect, so the first theory will appear to us moderns whimsical and ridiculous: ignorance is the great stimulant of imagination; and the cosmical theories of ignorance are consequently the wildest of poetic fictions. But we must not stigmatize these fancies as absurdities: Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun—the dragon supposed by the Hindus occasionally to swallow the moon—the Algerine's notion that the old moons were cut up for stars—the old jest that the sun returned back from west to east, but was not seen, as he came by night: these, and a thousand similar guesses, are important facts in the history of science, because they show the first steps in the progress of devising explanations for appearances. Having compared these infant theories with the observations on which they were founded, our next step is to discover what new observations were found to be inconsistent with the proposed theory, and then to point out the second system devised for explaining the new and the old phenomena together; thus, by successively presenting to the student the observations, and the various modes of explaining them, he will finally perceive what is the evidence by which the truth of astronomical science is demonstrated, and what is the system irresistibly proved by that evidence.

Teachers should instruct students in the way that nature has taught the world: this obvious truth has been clearly apprehended by Bishop Brinkley, whose Treatise on Astronomy is the best that exists in our language: he first directs attention to all the phenomena that can be observed by simple contemplation of the celestial hemisphere; secondly, he shows us the consequences that result from change of place; and, finally, he points out the new observations which we are enabled to make by the help of instruments. The imperfect theories by which the first set of appearances were explained, were found inapplicable to the second; and the systems that accounted for the two first, failed when applied to the third. The Newtonian system explains all three; nor have the thousands of telescopes that have swept over the heavens for more than a century, discovered a single appearance inconsistent with his hypothesis.

But we may be asked, what is the use of our thus mentioning matters sufficiently notorious to every well-instructed person? We reply, because well-instructed persons are more rare than the world generally imagines, and that we are very anxious to increase their number. The broad outlines of astronomical science are within the range of an ordinary schoolboy's capacity; but they have

as yet been presented to the world only in forms that are calculated to discourage, rather than invite the student. We deem, therefore, that we shall be doing no unacceptable service, if we point out Nature's mode of teaching astronomy, using for our guide the account of her instructions contained in this volume. Our remarks on education will be found applicable to more subjects than astronomy; and whatever may be their intrinsic worth, we give them as the result of our own experience and our own meditation.

Books of science are, or should be, written for teachers, not for pupils; to the latter they teach nothing but words, and those very imperfectly. Introductory works on science should be simply guides to the observation of nature; and if written merely with that design, they would lay the foundation for all the knowledge founded on these observations—that is, for the whole range of the physical sciences. Nature began by calling the attention of man to the great celestial luminaries; in the same way should we commence with the astronomical student: he should observe for himself the phenomena of sunrise and sunset—the variations in the length of the day and night; he should register these observations, and he will think on them whether you direct him or not. The phases of the moon will next attract his attention; and he will soon find that the changes in the appearance of the moon are periodic; and consequently he will form for himself the notion of a lunar month. On the starry heavens young and old gaze with admiration; it will require very little labour to change this admiring glance into an accurate observation, whose results may be registered as in the former cases. For the purpose of making more correct observations, the description of an instrument is given in this work (p. 43), which a boy could make for himself, whose application he would learn in five minutes, and which he would use as a toy.

It will be observed, that hitherto we have not spoken of any system: the simple reason is, that every system is founded upon phenomena or appearances; and we follow nature in insisting that the phenomena should be known before we proceed to explain them. Here also we must lay down another rule—in order to ensure accuracy, do but little at a time; but, little or much, let it be something within the cognizance of the senses, that is derived solely from observation.

While the student is engaged in occasionally observing the stars, his attention may gradually be directed to the phenomena which render it probable that the earth is round, and that it revolves upon its axis. A candle and a ball will convey to him the notion of its possibility in half an hour; and the circumstances that aid to establish its probability are sufficiently obvious; but to prove it by rigid demonstration requires knowledge that can only be obtained by a mature mind.

When the student has thoroughly comprehended the observations he has been taught to make for himself, he will be enabled to understand those that have been made by others; and his attention may first be directed to the phenomena that result from change of place—then to the inferences that may be deduced from the history of astronomical observations—and finally, to the most

remarkable discoveries that have been made by the aid of telescopes. He will then be enabled to comprehend astronomy as a system; and only then, because he will only then be able to discern its use.

"Such a theory of education," we think we hear some one exclaim, "is Utopian and impracticable." Now, we are of opinion, that the whole of the instruction of which we have spoken, would not consume an hour per week; but then its duration would extend to two or three years. Less time actually would be spent, though it must be diffused over a wider space; it might, perhaps, give more trouble to the teacher during the first four or five weeks; but the trouble would be attended by a compensating pleasure, such as is never found in our present absurd system of instruction. We, however, address these few hints not so much to schoolmasters as to parents, and more especially to mothers. There are some observations incidentally made by Mr. Narrien, on the persecution of Galileo, which we shall take leave to quote here, because they are only less true of the nineteenth than of the sixteenth century:—

"It was a custom prevalent in the times of which we are speaking for a person who had made any discovery in philosophy, either to conceal it entirely from the rest of mankind, or to publish a notice of it in some anagram which could only be decyphered by himself or by some one to whom he might communicate the key; and in this manner Galileo disguised his discovery of the phases of Venus and of Saturn's ring. The affectation of concealing the discoveries made in nature and science prevailed universally, also, among the ancients. The Egyptian priests, the Greek philosophers, and the Druids of the North, would suffer no person to enter their societies except the chosen few who were regularly initiated; to such the doctrines they maintained were divulged, while the instructions given to the bulk of the people were obscurely communicated in symbolical language. Their pride and vanity were, probably, gratified by the reverence with which they were regarded by those who believed they were in possession of knowledge beyond the attainment of the rest of mankind."

Science, we regret to say, has not yet been freed from the affectation of obscurity: truths in astronomy, and every other branch of natural philosophy, are enveloped in algebraic formulæ, and clothed in mysterious phrases, as if for the special purpose of discouraging beginners, and shutting the temple of nature, as the philosopher was said to have closed his school against all who were not professed mathematicians. In the days of Galileo, it was the unworthy ambition of men of science to pass for conjurers; in our own, a language remote from ordinary use is too much affected. It is easier to see the evil than to suggest the remedy; but there are signs of improvement around us; and not the least of them is the attention which the efficient system of education adopted in Germany has attracted.

We have often had occasion to lament the deficiency of every work on elementary science at present used in our schools; and, like many others, we trusted that the series published by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, would have removed the evil. A worse set of scientific works exists not in any language; they have been written, not for the multitude but for men of science; their authors have laboured, not to convey the elements of knowledge, but to exhibit

the extent of their own acquirements. It was to have been expected, that after the severe exposure of the error in the *North American Review*, that a change would have been made; but it seems that literary associations are like to Theophilus Cibber, as they "grow older, grow never the better."

Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion. By William Beaumont, M.D., Surgeon in the U.S. Army. Svo. Boston: Lilly, Wait, & Co.; London, Kennett.

Dr. Beaumont—the communication of whose memoir to the French Academy of Sciences we noticed on the 29th of March—has had a curious opportunity of examining the mode in which the stomach performs its functions, and he has used it so as to elucidate many points connected with the physiology of that organ, and establish certain general principles respecting digestion. The case out of which his experiments arose, was the following:—

Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian engaged in the service of the American Fur Company, as voyageur, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket on the 6th of June 1822.

"The charge, consisting of powder and duck shot, was received in the left side of the youth, he being at a distance of not more than one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The contents entered posteriorly, and in an oblique direction, forward and inward, literally blowing off integuments and muscles of the size of a man's hand, fracturing and carrying away the anterior half of the sixth rib, fracturing the fifth, lacerating the lower portion of the left lobe of the lungs, the diaphragm, and perforating the stomach."

"The whole mass of materials forced from the musket, together with fragments of clothing and pieces of fractured ribs, were driven into the muscles and cavity of the chest."

"I saw him in twenty-five or thirty minutes after the accident occurred, and, on examination, found a portion of the lung, as large as a Turkey's egg, protruding through the external wound, lacerated and burnt; and immediately below this, another protrusion, which, on further examination, proved to be a portion of the stomach, lacerated through all its coats, and pouring out the food he had taken for his breakfast, through an orifice large enough to admit the fore finger."

This orifice was soon enlarged by the sloughing of the surrounding parts, and for seventeen days everything that entered his stomach passed out through the wound. At the end of this time, compresses and bandages were applied, which prevented the discharge of food, but, up to January 1823, abscesses continued to form, and give issue to portions of bone, cartilage, cloth, and wadding. By the month of April, he was able to walk about, and by June 1823, exactly "one year from the time of the accident, the injured parts were all sound, and firmly cicatrized, with the exception of the aperture in the stomach and side. This continued much in the same situation as it was six weeks after the wound was received. The perforation was about two and a half inches in circumference, and the food and drinks constantly exuded, unless prevented by a tent, compress, and bandage."

But for this evil, nature found a remedy. During the course of the following winter, "a small fold or doubling of the coats of the stomach appeared, forming at the superior margin of the orifice, slightly protruding, and in-

creasing till it filled the aperture, so as to supersede the necessity for the compress and bandage for retaining the contents of the stomach. This valvular formation adapted itself to the accidental orifice, so as completely to prevent the efflux of the gastric contents when the stomach was full, but was easily depressed with the finger."

Here was a man then, in perfect health, with a little trap door into his stomach, through which, Dr. Beaumont was able to peep at pleasure, see what was going on inside, and extract a portion of the contents at any length of time from their introduction. Of course, such an opportunity of experiment-making, was by no means to be lost; Dr. Beaumont hired the man, and as a *coup d'essai*, introduced through the perforation into the stomach, "the following articles of diet, suspended by a silk string, and fastened at proper distances, so as to pass in without pain—viz.: a piece of high seasoned *à-la-mode* beef; a piece of raw, salted, fat pork; a piece of raw, salted, lean beef; a piece of boiled, salted beef; a piece of stale bread; and a bunch of raw, sliced cabbage; each piece weighing about two drachms; the lad continuing his usual employment about the house."

After they had all been in about an hour, Dr. Beaumont drew out his string, and found cabbage and bread about half digested, pieces of meat unchanged; returned them into the stomach. In two hours, cabbage, bread, pork, and boiled beef, were all quite digested and gone from the string, but after three hours, the *à-la-mode* beef was but partly digested, and the raw beef scarcely touched. By this time also, the fluids of the stomach had become acrid, and the lad complained of pain and uneasiness in the part; in short, Dr. Beaumont, in his haste to make experiments, had forgotten that he was operating on a living, irritable, human stomach, and the consequence was, that by the heterogeneous mass with which he had crammed it, he had brought on a regular fit of indigestion. However, science was to benefit even by Dr. Beaumont's errors; he had a full opportunity of examining the state of the stomach, when labouring under this derangement, and, from such observations frequently repeated, is enabled to declare, that in all such cases the villous coat is red and irritable, the secretion of gastric juice almost interrupted, the mucous surface dry, and peeling off in loose shreds, or studded with aphthous patches, or with numerous white spots or pustules resembling coagulated lymph. The knowledge that this state can so quickly supervene and be removed, is of high importance to medical men; its existence is recognized by the usual symptoms of dry and furred tongue, slight nausea, headache or giddiness, dry skin, depressed pulse, &c. But now appeared a new advantage of the trap-door: for it not only enabled Dr. Beaumont to see the state of the disease, but to administer relief in a mode "neat and appropriate," by dropping "into the stomach, through the aperture, half a dozen calomel pills, four or five grains each; which, in about three hours, had a thorough cathartic effect, and removed all the foregoing symptoms, and the diseased appearance of the inner coat of the stomach. The effect of the medicine was the same as when administered in the usual way, by the mouth and œsophagus, except the nausea commonly occasioned by swallowing pills."

After this, which was in every respect an inconclusive and unsatisfactory experiment, Dr. Beaumont proceeded with more caution,

using, generally, but one substance at a time, and taking care that each should be as much as possible under similar circumstances with the rest as to degree of comminution, bulk, weight, &c. He extracted gastric juice from the stomach, and having immersed portions of meat in it at the same time that he inserted similar portions into the stomach, found that it digested them as well in a glass vial, if kept at a temperature of 100° Fah., and subjected to a gentle equable motion, as it did inside the stomach. From this, he concludes the gastric juice to operate as a chemical solvent, and the first stage of digestion to be nothing but solution. The conclusion, and even the experiment, will present nothing new to our medical readers, aware of what has already been done on the subject by the English, French, German, and Swiss physiologists; in fact, Dr. Beaumont treads on very beaten ground, nor does he seem to know that other physicians, such as Richerand, Hallé, &c., have already had patients with holes in their stomachs, on whom very interesting observations were made; nay, though he more than once mentions Richerand in the course of his work, he never alludes to this case, which we can hardly conceive he would have omitted, had he been aware of it.

But we must avoid getting into any disputes on these points, and keep ourselves rather to the popular matter.

Alexis St. Martin has lived at intervals with Dr. Beaumont, from 1825 up to the commencement of the present year; he has enjoyed almost uniform good health, has married, and become the father of a family, has exerted himself at ordinary employments, and lived in the usual manner, allowing Dr. Beaumont the free examination of the contents of his stomach; and as the result of these examinations, in which all the ordinary articles of diet were, by turns, employed, a table, exhibiting the length of time in which each kind of food undergoes digestion in the stomach, has been drawn up, from which we take the following, as showing their different degrees of digestibility.

Of Farinacea: Rice boiled soft, was perfectly converted into chyme in an hour; sago in one hour forty-five minutes; tapioca, barley, &c., two hours; bread, fresh, three hours—stale, two hours; sponge cake, two hours thirty minutes.

Of Vegetables: Cabbage raw, two hours thirty minutes—boiled, four hours, (vinegar much assisted its digestion); potatoes roasted, two hours thirty minutes—boiled, three hours thirty minutes; carrots boiled, three hours fifteen minutes; beet boiled, three hours forty-five minutes; turnips boiled, three hours thirty minutes; beans boiled, two hours thirty minutes; parsnips boiled, two hours thirty-one minutes.

Of Fruit: Apples sour and hard, two hours fifty minutes—mellow, two hours—sweet and ripe, one hour thirty minutes; peach mellow, one hour thirty minutes.

Of Fish and Shell Fish: Trout boiled or fried, one hour thirty minutes; codfish cured and boiled, two hours; oysters undressed, two hours fifty-five minutes—roasted, three hours fifteen minutes—stewed, three hours thirty minutes; bass broiled, three hours; flounder fried, three hours thirty minutes; salmon salted and boiled, four hours.

Of Poultry, Game, &c.: Turkey roasted,

two hours thirty minutes—boiled, two hours thirty-five minutes; goose, wild, roast, two hours thirty minutes; chicken fricasseed, two hours forty-five minutes; fowls, domestic, boiled or roast, four hours; ducks, tame, roast, four hours, wild, roast, four hours thirty minutes.

Of Butcher's Meat, &c.: Soused tripe and pig's feet, fried or boiled, one hour; venison steak broiled, one hour thirty-five minutes; calf's or lamb's liver broiled, two hours; sucking pig, two hours thirty minutes; mutton, broiled, three hours, boiled, three hours, roast, three hours fifteen minutes; beef, fresh, broiled, three hours, roasted, three hours, lightly salted and boiled, three hours thirty-six minutes, old, hard, salted, four hours fifteen minutes; pork steak broiled, three hours fifteen minutes, lately salted and boiled, four hours thirty minutes, stewed, three hours, roast, five hours fifteen minutes; veal broiled, four hours, fried, four hours thirty minutes.

Varieties: Eggs raw, two hours—roasted, two hours fifteen minutes—soft-boiled, three hours—hard-boiled or fried, three hours thirty minutes; custard baked, two hours forty-five minutes; milk, two hours; butter and cheese, three hours thirty minutes; suet, four hours thirty minutes; oil somewhat longer; apple dumplings, three hours, while calf's-foot jelly was digested in little more than half-an-hour.

Such are the principal of Dr. Beaumont's facts, obtained as the means of numerous results. It will be observed, that in many points they confirm, in others, differ from the tables of Doctors Paris, Prout, Wilson Philip, &c. They all, however, agree, that venison is one of the most easily digested of meats, that white fowls are in general more so than brown, beef than veal, and boiled meat than meat dressed in any other way. Oily food is peculiarly indigestible, and it was only consequent upon the use of such, that Dr. Beaumont found bile to enter the stomach during digestion. From subsequent experiments made out of the body, he ascertained the fact, (which at once explained the above,) "that oily or fatty food is sooner digested, when there is a small admixture of bile with the gastric juice." Of course, such food should be cautiously abstained from, by all persons labouring under bilious complaints.

There are many points of great interest, for which we must refer to the book itself: we are very far from agreeing with all Dr. Beaumont's conclusions, several of which are drawn with great looseness indeed, but we cannot refrain from bearing testimony to his unwearied perseverance in continuing his inquiries for such a long period; and equally admirable, we think, must be the temper of his patient, who so long submitted to them.

The West India Sketch Book. London: Whittaker & Co.

We have only gone, and that hastily, over the first volume of this work, and should therefore have deferred our notice, but, that we thought the readers of Henry Coleridge's clever book on the West Indies, might like to hear a few more anecdotes of their old acquaintance, Audain the fighting parson:—

"He commenced his career in life as a midshipman in the navy; but it is evident that he possessed a soul above the restraint which that office imposed upon him, and he gave up 'watch and watch,' and reefing topsails, for a province of action which might better suit his inclinations

and his talents. * * * And he therefore exchanged an existence for a living, by appearing on the theatre of life in the character of a parson. The West Indies, of all places in the world, presented an extensive field for the exercise of his sacred calling, but it proved too circumscribed for a mind that knew no bounds; and in order to fill up the hiatus between his occasional avocations in the church, he at length yielded to its craving solicitude after more active and profitable occupation, by embarking in the business of an auctioneer, and the more hazardous speculations attendant upon privateering. * * *

"In the pulpit he was eloquent and persuasive, manifesting all the energy of a devout spirit, in his sale-room he was equally happy in engaging the attention of his hearers, and in all the various details of his privateering exploits, he was no less distinguished for zeal, ability, and courage. * * *

"He was engaged in the pulpit when the report of a cannon was heard from seaward. From his station, as well as from other parts of the church, a clear view of the harbour was obtained, and a vessel shortly afterwards appeared in the offing crossing the entrance; another report was presently heard, and the shot which was seen to throw up the water where it lodged in the direction of her course, gave evident token that it proceeded from another vessel that was in chase of her. It is scarce to be supposed, that the attention of the congregation was not more or less diverted from the purposes of devotion. Audain for awhile proceeded in his discourse, occasionally taking parenthetical glances at the vessel, until the appearance of a frigate under a crowd of sail, and nearly becalmed, left no doubt on his mind that she was in pursuit of an enemy. This was quite irresistible; the prospect of a bit of worldly glory at once superseded for a time all other considerations: he dissolved the congregation by quitting the pulpit in haste, and proceeding to the beach, in a few minutes he was on board his privateer, and under weigh to join in the chase. The use of his sweeps, and the aid of a light breeze which prevailed near the land, gave Audain great advantage in the pursuit over the frigate in a calm, and he presently disappeared behind the headland which forms one side of the harbour's mouth. Many persons ascended the heights to get a view of the anticipated fight, and the report of firing announced to those in the Road Town, whose speculations were upon tiptoe, that the conflict had begun. Audain was the first to board, and followed by his men, he was master of the prize before the frigate came within hail, and when she approached he was required to repair on board. He was not long in settling the point to his own satisfaction, that something on the score of courtesy, and respect to the national flag, was due from him, although not so ready to yield admission that the frigate had a right of participation in the prize, without having shared in the fight. Upon reaching the quarter-deck, he encountered in Captain B—d, an old shipmate in the days of his nautical minority, and after mutual inquiries, congratulations, retrospections, and so forth, it was arranged that Audain should act as prize-master and prize-agent, to have the capture adjudicated in the Admiralty Court of Tortola. The frigate proceeded on her cruise, the prize was ultimately condemned and sold, and the proceeds, 'errors and omissions excepted,' were sufficient—to pay the expenses. * * *

"Audain's auction-room was in the vicinity of the burial-ground: he had mounted the rostrum, and was expatiating on the merits of each succeeding lot, now and then provoking a laugh from his auditors by a ludicrous suggestion, a double entendre, or quaint witticism, but invariably observing a dignified demeanour the moment he found his rhetoric had failed to induce

another bidding, and that his hammer was to pronounce his decision. He had frequently looked at his watch as the sale proceeded, as if marking the progress of time towards another engagement; and as it drew to a close, it was evident, by the rapidity of his movements and the urgency of his demeanour, that he wished it terminated. This was more apparent from the frequency of his directing his attention through a window to some object outside, until at length arriving at the last lot, he gave solemn assurance that he could not 'dwell'; and having pronounced those prophetic words, 'going, going, going,' still having his eye askance toward the window, the sound of the hammer seemed to give impetus to his movements, and to declare him gone, for he disappeared in a moment.

"The object which had engaged his attention was a passing funeral, and it suddenly brought to his recollection that he had been required to perform the ceremony of burial himself. Mortified at being supplanted in his professional vocation, it was with difficulty he could suppress the workings of his inward man, and his eye followed, and his proceedings kept pace with the procession till it reached the grave: and as the hammer gave emphatic decision to the contest for the last lot, the crowd had assembled round the appointed receptacle for the remains of the deceased. Hither Audain proceeded, and he reached the spot just as his rival commenced the service and uttered the words, 'I am the resurrection'—'Stand aside,' said Audain, 'I am the resurrection!' and he proceeded with the ceremony, with the utmost composure, whilst the assembled crowd gaped wild astonishment."

Having now taken leave of the West Indian parson, we may as well introduce our readers to a West Indian skipper:—

"It is the *Cyclops*," said Captain Dove, who had been some time examining with a spy-glass an object, which, to the naked eye, was scarce perceptible, and when detected was not bigger than the point of a needle erect from the horizon, but which was evidently the mast of a vessel, so distant from us that her hull was far below the verge of it. 'I'll wager my life it is the *Cyclops*,' he repeated, not appearing to regard our scruples, 'she lay at Gravesend with the *Venus*, and I know her by the splice in her main-top-gallant stay.' * * * 'If it is not,' said he, 'I don't know a bowsprit from a marine spike, and I was never deceived but once.' We had seated ourselves on the companion, regarding the lulling of the storm and the gradual closing of the day. Captain Dove had already taken his third glass of 'gin and water,' and his ratiocinative faculties had acquired a fluency under the influence of smoking. 'I'll tell you how it was,' he continued; 'the *Melpomene* has arrived before us, said I, as we were standing into Portsmouth Harbour; "that's impossible," said Captain O'Brien of the *Vixen*, who had lost his ship, and came home passenger with me; and I thought so myself, but there she was, on the other side of a number of vessels whose masts and yards looked like a forest of firs;—I could only see her *mainmast*—"it's impossible," said O'Brien again, "she sails like a washing tub"—that was true enough, and my little ship, the *Grasshopper*, was built like a wedge, and sailed like a flying fish, nothing could reach her. I have had ten knots out of her on a bowline many times—and I don't forget how I astonished the Commodore on the passage home; we started under convoy, about a hundred sail of us, and there were some desperate heavy sailers among 'em: my little ship was always a-head of her station with her topsails lowered on the caps, while some of 'em were under royals and studding-sails. The commodore got in a rage, and now and then sent a shot across our bows, which obliged us to luff round

and heave to; one day we were about four points on his weather bow a-head of our station—whiz came a shot, and up went a signal calling me on board. Lord Colville commanded the convoy, and these lords always carry their authority under sky-scrappers and heavenly-disturbers. Whew! when I got on board, at the same time with two other masters, his Lordship began paying out handsomely.

"What is the reason you don't keep your ships in their stations? what ship do you belong to, Sir?"

"I don't belong to any ship, my Lord."

"The devil you don't—then pray, Sir, what brig?"

"No brig, either."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said he.

"Why," said I—"I mean that the ship belongs to me."

"This peroration was accompanied with a short suppressed laugh, that appeared the prolongation of an inward sensation of joy, which shook his sides and caused him to hitch up his trousers as if to give it accommodation; he walked a few steps, and returned, as if suddenly furnished with supplementary information.

"I can't help her sailing faster than any other ship in the fleet, says I; his Lordship did not know what to do, whether to jump down my throat, or knock me down with the speaking trumpet; but, he threatened to blow the Grasshopper out of the water with a broadside, if she was out of her station again. Avast heaving, thought I to myself—I'll give you an opportunity before next watch,"—the Grasshopper was not in her station three hours afterwards. It was no sooner dark, than I clapped every stitch upon her she could carry, and in the morning she was out of sight. I staked her sailing, and a dozen twelve pounders, with a good crew, against her insurance—boy! a glass of gin and water—

"Well, as I was saying, we arrived in Portsmouth harbour, and I betted O'Brien that the Melpomene had arrived, but I was deceived, it was only her *mainmast*, which being too short for her, she had left it in the dock-yard at Rio, and another ship had got it."

As this work is not likely to be published for some short time, we shall defer all further extract and comment.

An Account of His Majesty's Mission to Persia in 1807—11. By Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bohn.

THERE is no Asiatic kingdom, in whose political condition Englishmen have felt, and should feel, so deep an interest, as Persia. It forms the barrier between our Asiatic dominions and the European powers most likely to contend with us for their possession; every revolution by which it is convulsed, necessarily changes the condition of all central and south-western Asia; the security of British India is bound up with its existence as an independent nation, and the prosperity of our eastern dominions will increase or diminish, just as Persia is prosperous or miserable. It cannot be said, that Persia has received less of public attention than its importance demanded, both the Ouseleys, Malcolm, Morier, Fraser, and many others, have rendered its institutions, its manners, its customs, the strength and the weakness of its national character, familiar to general readers: a charge of Kuzzilbash has been as often described as a charge of dragons; and the jokes on the rogueries of Syeds and Moolahs, are as common as those on the tricks of monks and friars. Sir H. Jones Brydges, however,

fears that the quality of our information bears a very small proportion to its quantity; he deems that we impute to the Persians as vices, some trifling peculiarities, which only appear criminal because they are inconsistent with European customs; their mendacity he resolves into a *façon de parler*, and monstrous flattery into excessive politeness. There may be, indeed there is, much truth in these extenuating pleas: they induce us to pardon the Persians; but they by no means incline us to forgive the European who would address his sovereign or superior, in terms of oriental adulation. We regret that Sir H. J. Brydges should address the monarch of a free people, in terms only fit for the trembling slave, that crouches at the feet of an eastern despot. The historian of the Kajirs, would scarcely have said to Fattah Ali, or his more formidable uncle,

"His Majesty's gracious permission to lay such a trifle as this volume at his feet, renders me perfectly indifferent to all the censures which private or public criticism may think proper to make on it."

The work is sullied by some other passages of the same kind,—especially by a conversation, which our author declares that he had with the Persian monarch, respecting the royal family of Great Britain; we trust it is apocryphal, for, if fairly reported, the Ambassador misled the Shah most amazingly.

We mention these blemishes in the very outset, because they stand glaringly at the head and front of the volume, and are likely to raise needless suspicions in the mind of the reader: if, in this instance, Sir Harford has incautiously acted as a Persian, we find him on every other occasion a perfect English gentleman.

Sir Harford thrice visited Persia: first, from curiosity, in 1787; secondly, as a commercial resident at Bushire in 1791; and thirdly, as Ambassador from the King of England. On the second occasion, more than forty years ago, he became acquainted with the Zend sovereign, the gallant but unfortunate Lutf Ali Khan; he saw him amid all the splendour of his magnificent court at Shiraz, and he sat with him on a horse-cloth under a ruined tent, when flying from his rival Aga Mohammed Khan, the founder of the Kajir, which is now the reigning dynasty. The horrible fate of this unhappy monarch need not be recorded, but we cannot forbear extracting the striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune, afforded by the life of his son. During his first visit to Shiraz, Sir Harford records the following incident:—

"The evening before the king marched, I happened to go into the garden of Koulah Fringee, to which I had free admittance; and there I saw the king's son, a boy about seven years old, with his tutor or Lala. I would willingly have avoided the little Prince; but he sent one of his attendants after me, to desire me to come to him. On coming up to him, and saluting him, he said: 'You are the Fringee my father so often talks of. You brought him a pretty musical clock: did you bring nothing for me? I shall be king to-morrow, whilst my father is away; and you must come to see me, as you were used to visit him.' I was delighted with the child, and replied, 'What does your highness wish for?' 'Lala,' he replied, 'tells me the best penknives are made in your country: do give me one. And my Dy (i.e. my nurse) says the scissors you make are better than ours: pray give me also a pair of scissors for Dy.' I happened to have a very fine pen-

knife in my pocket, which I immediately presented him; and told him, that when I went home I would send him two or three more, and scissors for his Dy. The child, in the gaiety of his little heart, exclaimed, 'O! you are a good man!' He kept me walking and talking with him near an hour; and I never saw a prettier-behaved, handsomer, or more intelligent child."

Nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, Sir Harford found this interesting prince a mutilated slave, but still retaining some of the lofty spirit that distinguished the Zends:

"Next day, in the evening, I was prepared to receive the Prince Khosrow. He came attended by a number of servants, and some of the Shah's ferashees; and I went out of my tent to meet and receive him. We both entered the tent together, but he forbade any one of his retinue to follow him. I led him by the hand to that part of the tent which is considered the place of honour, and desired him to seat himself, which he did. I stood for some little time, as if to give him an opportunity of bidding me to sit down. He rose, however, in great agitation, clasped me in his arms, and burst into a violent flood of tears. When he spoke, he said:—'the Shah is very good to allow me to come and see my father's old and steady friend. I have constantly (said he) longed for this, ever since I heard you had arrived at Teheran, but I was afraid to ask permission to visit you, but Meerza Bozurg, who is in the place of a father to me, told me to have patience, and he would bring it about for me; last night, after you left the Shah, he sent for me, and told me I had his leave to visit you to-day; you may guess with what pleasure I have availed myself of this permission. We then both sat down, and began to talk about former times at Schyras. I asked him if he remembered our conversation in the Baugee Vakeel. 'To show you I do,' said he, (to my great surprise) 'I will ask you for another penknife and pair of scissors for my dy.' He then told me that the Shah was extremely kind to him, and that he rendered his situation as little irksome to him as possible. 'My Lord,' said I, 'is there anything in the world that I can do for you; is there anything you wish that I can procure for you?'—he answered 'No'; and afterwards made a most minute inquiry of everything which had passed at Keshid, between his father and myself, and rising, said:—'I bless God I have lived to see two things; the one, that I saw the scoundrel, Hajee Ibrahim, deprived of sight; the other, that I have, to-day, met and conversed with one of the best and steadiest of my noble father's friends. I will hope I shall see you again; but to meet often, even if the Shah would allow it, cannot be prudent or good for either of us; it will even now take some time before I shall recover the temper of mind and contentment which I possessed before I saw you.' He embraced me again, and I accompanied him to his horse, which was brought to him outside of the tent. As he was mounting, he said, loud enough for his people to hear, and with a smile on his countenance; 'Bareculla,' (i.e. well done,) this is very fine, I am a slave, and you are an Ambassador. The loss he had suffered had left a very imperfect outline of what his figure would have been; but even the effect which that dreadful privation always has on the countenance, had not yet entirely destroyed the beauty and dignity of his:—his mind, however, appeared to me, to be such as I should have supposed the son of Lutf Ally Khan to have possessed. The next time I saw the Shah, after this visit, he asked me what I had said or done to Khosrow, 'for,' (said he) 'poor fellow, he did nothing but cry all the evening, when he came from you.'"

Sir Harford was as fortunate in conciliating the favour of Fattah Ali, in his character of an Ambassador, as he was in gaining the

friendship of Lútf Ali, when simply a merchant. The anecdotes he relates, are highly creditable to the Sháh, but not the least so is the kindness shown to Prince Khosrow, who was mutilated by Fattéh Ali's uncle and predecessor. We shall extract some anecdotes illustrating this monarch's character, and the economy of his court, which Sir Harford was allowed to view more nearly than any other European envoy. If the current report of Fattéh Ali's death be true, its occurrence so soon after the death of Abbas Mirza will probably involve Persia in a new series of calamitous civil wars.

The following plan of providing for the education of younger children, is ingenious and novel:—

"Some time before, in private conversation between the King and his Minister, the latter, by way of pleasing the former, complimented him on his numerous progeny; and, unfortunately for himself, lamented that he had none. 'Gad so,' said the Shah, 'if that is the case, I will do the kindest thing in the world by you; one of my ladies was brought to bed last night of a Prince, and as soon as he is fit to move, I will send him to you, with nurses, and eunuchs, and other requisites of a proper establishment; and you shall adopt him and bring him up; and so you will have a child without any trouble.' In a little time afterwards, to the poor Meerza's great confusion, all that was promised arrived. This urchin was now about six years old, and the trouble he gave the old man, and the expense he put him to, was vexatious, and this the Shah knew well. As an instance, I happened one morning at Teheran to wish to see the Meerza before he went to Court. It was very early, and I was shewn into an apartment near the harem, very richly furnished; but to my great astonishment, all the costly brocade cushions and mattresses, covered with Cashmere shawls, were slashed as if with a knife, in different places. Shortly after, the Meerza made his appearance, and as soon as we had sat down, he said with a great sigh, 'See what pretty work my princely son made here last night, because I refused to purchase some very costly jewels for his mother. God bless your country, where no man is obliged to maintain a child whom he does not beget.'—'Do not be too sure of that, Meerza,' said I, 'though you may be sure the King of England never sends his sons or daughters to his Ministers to be maintained and brought up.'"

Fattéh Ali seems to have puzzled himself exceedingly in his attempts to understand the nature of the British government; but some of his remarks on this subject, show more extensive knowledge than might have been expected. There is some reason in his speculations on the consequences of introducing a constitutional government into Persia:

"Notwithstanding the oddity—and, perhaps, what other people might choose to call the absurdity—of these questions, it was most evident to me, that the Shah possessed not only a very strong, but a very amiable mind; and the remarks which he made, and the inferences he drew from time to time, manifested very considerable powers of reflection. He said: 'I can easily conceive how a country, under such regulations as you state England to be, may do all that you say; but I have no idea, if I was to attempt to-morrow to introduce such things here, how we should all live, or how there would be any government at all. Supposing I was to call a Parliament at Teheran, and deliver up to it the whole power of taxation, I should then never get a penny—for no Persian parts with money, unless he is obliged to do it; and more than that, the Khans would be for making the

buckalls pay all, and the buckalls would be for doing the same thing by the Khans.† It must take a long time to make such a Government, and such a people, as yours. Our Government is simple, and the people know all about it in a day. Our laws are much simpler than yours,—and so far they are better: and I know by experience, that, under these laws, and under this Government, Persia has improved very much since I came to the throne.'"

Neither the Sháh nor his ministers hold a sinecure office: there are few European monarchs who would like to go through the routine of the following "journal of a day":

"I will now relate all that I know, and all that I believe, as to the manner in which the Shah spends his time at Teheran. Like all other Mohammedans, he rises from bed at the specified hour for the morning prayer, and before he performs it, most probably makes use of the hot bath. In a very short time after this, I believe there is a general assemblage of the ladies of the palace, and the very younger children, which a person, whom I consider to have had good means of obtaining information, assured me was anything but an agreeable *passetemps* for the Shah; for he had then so many complaints to hear, so many jealousies to settle, so many pretensions to jewels and other favors, put forth to him, that perhaps when the Shah said to me one day,—'Your fringes ought to bless God that your law allows you but one wife,' he spoke feelingly. * * * The Shah's breakfast, like the breakfast of all other Persians, is extremely light, nor does it consist of other things (though, perhaps, of a more choice quality) than those of a Persian gentleman in easy circumstances, except being served in richer and more beautiful utensils. About eight in summer, and nine in winter, the great ministers are admitted to a private audience, at which everything is settled that is to pass or be performed at the approaching court; and when any of the ministers take the interests of any individual under their protection, it is at this time they are laid before the Shah: the report of what has passed in the city, during the preceding night, is made here also."

From thence, he proceeds to the hall of public audience:—

"At this court all presentations take place, all public honours are conferred, all promotions are declared, and, what may appear strange to us, all public executions of criminals take place, within twenty to thirty feet of the Shah. The present Shah, who is a very humane person, when he first came to the throne, whenever an execution took place, found himself obliged (which the Persians considered as very effeminate) to turn his head aside. Meerza Bozurg one day made a remark to me, which I think a very judicious one. He said, 'Our kings, speaking of them generally, are more careless about shedding blood than they otherwise would be, perhaps, from the circumstance of the frequent executions which take place before them; for depend upon it, the first sight of human blood, strikes all of us with more or less horror and remorse, but the oftener we see it shed, the lighter we esteem its value.' This court seldom continues beyond half-past twelve. The ministers, after it breaks up, have generally a few minutes audience with the Shah, before he retires to the harem."

Dinner is then served, after which comes an evening court, and a review of the troops, which is always a tedious affair, as the soldiers are inspected individually. But the labours of the day are not yet over:—

"After the prayer appointed to be said at the close of the evening, the Shah appears again in public, by candle-light, and this is generally

† The Khans are the lords, the Buckalls are the burgesses.

called *Meglis-e-Shah*, or the King's Assembly, at which none appear but the great Ministers, and such as have the *entrée*; and amongst these the Poet Laureate, if I may use the expression, and the *Wukaa Nevees*, or King's Historian, seldom fail of being present. This assembly, or court, usually finishes about eight or nine, and the Shah then retires. How the Shah passes his hours from that time to the time of rest, I never could exactly learn, but I have reason to think the present Shah is fond of being read to,—is fond of vocal and instrumental music,—is fond of the conversation and society of such ladies as have agreeable voices, and can divert him with tales and stories,—and particularly fond of hearing such of them as are adepts recite, either the heroic, the lyric, or amatory poetry of Persia, in recitative. It may be imagined, therefore, that he employs this part of his time in some one or other of these modes of relaxation; especially as he has what the Persians call a very pretty turn for poetry."

Fattéh Ali's literary talents are of a higher order than Sir Harford represents them: his Divan, or collection of poems, contains some pieces worthy of the golden age of Persian literature; and there is reason to believe that he had some share in preparing the 'History of the Kajirs,' part of which was translated and published by our author last year. We had hoped that Sir Harford would have completed this work by translating the remainder, containing the Persian History from 1811 to 1825; and we trust that the Persian author will fulfil his promise of continuing the annals down to the beginning of the present year.

Among the general descriptions of Persian manners given us by Sir Harford, we were most entertained by his account of a race; and as we believe that he is the first who has described the Persian Newmarket, we shall extract a part of the narrative:—

"Previous to the King of Persia's marching from Teheran, we were invited to be present at the horse-races which take place every year at that capital, in the presence of the Shah. These races are on a different plan, and for a different purpose, from ours, which are designed principally to try the speed of our horses,—theirs principally to try their bottom and stamina. Ours are kept up very much for the purpose of gambling,—theirs for a purpose connected with their irregular military excursions. The distance which the horses have to run, according to what I was told, is about thirty miles. They start long before day-break, and the winning-post being the tent in which the King of Persia sits to see them come in, which they reach a little before seven in the morning. The race, in fact, is against time, till the horses that have been able to keep time arrive within sight of the royal tent, and then a start is made, who shall reach the goal first. The horses themselves are of the very largest and stoutest Turcoman breed, and for some time before the races took place, we had frequently seen several of them training. The horses were rode by the merest urchins of boys, who certainly appeared to have no command of them, particularly as they were all ridden with simple snaffle bridles. It appeared wonderful to us, how upon horses, the most of which were nearly, and some quite, seventeen hands, these little fellows, whose legs could do little more than span the back of the animal, kept their seats, and the alacrity with which, after passing the King's tent, they tumbled off, to run and claim the prize which the animal had merited. These prizes are all given by the King, and, as far as I recollect, that year they were placed in bags, all marked, both in value, and numerically,—No. 1, 300, No. 2,

200, No. 3, 150, No. 4, 100, No. 5, 100 toman, or about as many pounds sterling. These were placed immediately before the King, as he sat in a kind of *koucey*, or chair; and the children-jockeys, after kissing the border of the King's carpet, and receiving a gracious nod, word, or smile, from His Majesty, touched the bags, made a profound reverence, and departed, with a person carrying the bag they had respectively won for their masters. The King's own boys were very low-spirited and disappointed this year, as they neither obtained the first nor second prize. . . .

"It is pleasing to find that there are times, sights, and circumstances, when the severest despotism finds itself obliged to allow the feelings of the people to have their free course and expression. I doubt whether there be a place in the world, where, generally speaking, when the people are collected in a mass, and in presence of their ruler, a more submissive and silent awe is exhibited; yet at the instant when the horses came in sight of the King's tent, and made their start, all order seemed at an end; ranks were broken, and shouts and cries were heard from one end of the line to the other,—now 'Green!' now 'Red!' now 'Blue!'—according to the colours of the handkerchiefs, which the boys who rode the horses had tied round their heads; and not only this, but 'Bravo, such a Khan!' as his horse was gaining ground; 'How now, lubberly Shah!' when the King's horse was losing ground; 'Holloa! snivelling Prince!' when one of the little Prince's horses was fast dropping behind. And all this uproar and motion went on, even to the annoyance, and almost danger of the race, notwithstanding the King's clerks of the course, or *ferashes*, never ceased playing away with their long sticks, to keep the course clear. The Shah himself, as the horses came in sight, stood before his tent, clapped his hands, talked loud to those about him, and evidently showed us, that, when certain passions or feelings are excited, there is no difference in the clay of which the china is made, though there certainly is in the painting and gilding with which the vase may be adorned, as well as in the position in which the vase may be placed."

The oriental imagery of the last sentence leads us to say a few words respecting our Ambassador's position, which is detailed in what may be called the polemical portion of the work. Sir Harford Jones was sent Ambassador from the King of England, to counteract the influence of French counsels at the court of Teheran, when Napoleon was suspected of contemplating an overland journey to India. Nearly at the same time Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, was sent on the same mission by the Governor-general of India, Lord Minto, who seems to have looked upon himself as a kind of feudatory sovereign. Captain Malcolm was the first to reach Persia, but he was not permitted to enter the country, and he returned to India, where he strongly recommended the local government to fit out an expedition, seize an island in the Persian Gulph, and terrify Fattah Ali into friendship. Sir Harford Jones, however, proceeded to the court of Teheran, concluded a treaty with the Persians, and prevented the projected expedition, much to the annoyance of Captain Malcolm and Lord Minto.

The second volume of this work contains an account of the war with the Wahabees, and some anecdotes elucidating the present condition of the Mohammedan religion. We propose to examine these very interesting subjects at an early opportunity.

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALIANO.

AT the close of the reign of Charles III., the period at which we commence our review of Spanish Literature—it may truly be said that Spain had reached a comparatively high point in the scale of civilization. If, indeed, she had not risen to the level of England, France, and some parts of Germany—if, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her condition, she was yet, in some respects, below all other civilized nations, it must still be confessed that, under the government of the Bourbon princes, she had been gradually rising from the low estate to which she had been degraded by the last sovereigns of the House of Austria. The opinions of the court of Louis XIV. had been traditionally preserved by his Spanish descendants, and they still considered the patronage and encouragement of Literature as one of the duties and prerogatives of royalty. In his sense of this obligation, Charles III. surpassed his predecessors Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. It had been his ambition, while he occupied the throne of Naples, to be considered an enlightened and munificent protector of literature and science. He regarded the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii as his best and most certain title to the respect of posterity, and his exchange of the Neapolitan for the Spanish crown as a step which opened a wide and new field for his exertions. Yet, though Spain is his debtor to no small amount, the extent of her obligation has been overrated, by being estimated in comparison with the times preceding and succeeding his reign, rather than by a consideration of its intrinsic value. Charles was a common-place man, though a good king—puerile, unfeeling, bigoted in his belief in the "right divine" of monarchs, as well as in his religious creed, but prudent and orderly; as methodical in the discharge of his official duties as in the habits of his private life, and, in many points, resembling his ancestor, the great monarch, when the gay licentiousness of his youth had sunk into the mechanical and gloomy devotion of his later years.

Spanish Literature, as it existed under the first Bourbon monarch, may truly be styled an exotic. Philip of Anjou, on his accession to the throne, found Spain a desert place, almost devoid of any trace of mental cultivation. When the wars and troubles, to which his disputed succession gave rise, had subsided, it became the care of the French prince to root out the weeds with which the literary field was overspread, and to introduce, in their place, the productions of his own country. The vegetation, which sprung up from the seeds thus substituted, exhibited every sign of foreign origin and forced growth. It was dwarfish in stature, and the fruits it bore were comparatively flavourless. It became, however, in the progress of time, in a degree naturalized; it lost some of its original qualities, and imbibed many from the soil into which it had been transplanted.

The Spanish writers who flourished during the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, were, even in their original compositions, nothing more than translators. In their anxiety to avoid the vices of the old style, they went to the opposite extreme. The Spanish writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century had run riot into extravagance, almost to madness. Coldness and stiffness have long been denounced as the besetting sins of French literature, particularly of its poetry. We will not stop to inquire whether or not the charge has been pushed too far, but we are certain that the Spanish writers of the two earlier thirds of the eighteenth century are liable to it in its fullest extent, and can neither escape the conviction nor the condemnation which is

justly the fate of imitators, whose works, however cleverly executed, must always be deficient in the colour and vitality which belong to the creations of original minds: how much more so, when the model itself is chargeable with the defects inherent in all copies? If the light of genius grows dim when reflected, surely, when the original flame is pale, that reflection, however faithful the mirror, will be found miserably weak.

But the tameness and rapidity which we have imputed to the Spanish writers of that period, as copyists from French originals, is justly attributable to the literary code adopted and enforced by the government. Spain, like her neighbours, possessed an organized literary constitution. The neglect to which letters had been abandoned under the Austrian princes, might even have been productive of some good consequences, had there existed in Spain anything like freedom of thought or speech; for it has been laid down (and we have no stronger faith in any axiom), that freedom has a better effect upon the growth and reproductions of human genius than all that protection can do. But the Spanish court, under the Austrian princes, did not merely neglect—it oppressed: the civil and religious despotism of its policy forbade those plants to spring forth spontaneously, which, nevertheless, it disdained to cultivate. Literature was patronized by the Bourbon King. Spain had become a France in miniature: as the one had her *Versailles*, her *Maison du Roi*, so also had the other her literary corporations. The Royal Academy, called *de la lengua*, held the place of the *Académie Française*. The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was represented by the *Real Academia de la Historia*. Whilst, in this latter body, memoirs relating to Spanish History were read, it was the business of the former (besides an official compilation of the Dictionary of the National Language) to propose subjects and award prizes for literary competition—the decision of their comparative merits being left to the judgment and passions, or partialities of the Academicians. According to the fashion, at that time prevalent in France, *éloges* were the class of compositions principally recommended by the Academy.

Thus it was, that Spanish Literature was denationalized by the domination of French classicism. Nor did the evil stop here; the language became adulterated as well as the style of its writers; and, as the French language spread, and, in consequence, French works became more and more widely read, the Spaniards learned to *think*, like their neighbours, and to adopt their forms of expression in the embodying of their own thoughts.

But this was not a source of unmixed evil. There had been little to praise in the ancient literature of Spain, except some happy flights of imagination. The practice of the Spanish authors during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the earlier portion of the seventeenth centuries (a period emphatically called the Golden Age of Spain) had been to imitate, and that closely, the ancient Romans, and the modern Italian writers. Historians had made it their business to copy—nay, even to translate Livy and Tacitus, while poets alternately imitated Virgil and Ovid, and Petrarch and Ariosto. With the exception of the *Cuento picaresco*, the drama, and the ballads, there is nothing of originality to be found in the Spanish writings. The Inquisition, and the unlimited despotism of the crown, had their natural influences. "One God and one King," was like the motto of morals and politics; one undeviating line of thinking was the consequence; and the tenets of literature became hemmed in between

boundaries as narrow and insurmountable as those which confined religious and political opinions.

France was a highly-enlightened country at the time when her models became an object of imitation to Spanish authors. A host of great writers, in almost every branch of literature, had arisen during the brilliant reign of Louis XIV.; and, though the absence of fervid inspiration may be laid to the charge of the poets, and the prose writers may be taxed with an over-courtliness of manner, no country can boast of names superior to those of Bossuet and Pascal, Fenelon and Massillon, Corneille and Moliere, Lesage and Fontenelle, to say nothing of a company of less talented, but still respectable, writers. The reign of Louis XV. was also distinguished by some master spirits, differing from, though not inferior to, their predecessors; among whom we may number Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, and their followers. From these, the Spaniards certainly imbibed, not in inspiration indeed, but a healthier tone of mind; they were as men who see a new light; the bent of their thoughts was diverted into channels hitherto untried. At first they were dazzled and misled by the number and novelty of their impressions; gradually, however, they became familiar with them. The second generation of Spanish authors of the French school made a long step in advance of their predecessors: where the latter had produced only tame copies, the former gave birth to spirited imitations; and, trusting something to their own genius, traces of originality and national character were soon visible in their writings. There is a wide gulph between the verses of Luzan and the poetry of Melendez.

It is worthy of notice, too, that, during the times when French authors were principally studied and followed, Spanish intellect, awakened by their influence, began to direct attention towards the works of the best ancient writers in its native language. Editions of the standard works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries followed each other in rapid succession. Criticism, until then unknown, made its appearance, and began to decide upon the merits and defects of those writings, which had, till then, been the objects of vague praise, and not of intelligent admiration,—thus setting its true value upon Spanish literature. It was, indeed, too often appreciated according to the standard of French criticism; but the error was one which led the way towards a superior and more enlightened judgment. It was the error into which Addison fell when he wrote his *Essays* upon Milton, the influence of French classicism having also insinuated itself into English literature; and yet those *Essays*, faulty as they may appear to us now, first recalled the attention of the British public to the merits of their great epic poet, and laid the foundation of philosophic literary criticism. What Addison did for the "poet blind, yet bold," the Royal Spanish Academy and Don Vicente de los Rios did for Cervantes. Until the time when the magnificent edition of Don Quixote, and the critical analysis prefixed to it were published, that immortal work had been read and quoted merely as an amusing volume; and it was this imperfect attempt to estimate its merits that was the first cause of their being recognized, and, in process of time, more completely understood.

The consequence of this recommendation of the outward forms of ancient literature as models fit for imitation, and these attempts to ascertain its intrinsic value, was the infusing a fresher spirit into the modern. It must be owned that the old Spanish writers had not been eminent for original and philosophical conceptions, or boldness of thought. A certain monotony of subject pervades most of their works. The modern Spaniards wanted a literature more in ac-

cordance with the age wherein they lived. They went to France in quest of new thoughts, and occasionally reached England—but not frequently, for the English language was then, and is now, little known in Spain. The French philosophers of the seventeenth century were their favourite teachers. It would be idle and irrelevant, to examine how far they acted wisely in thus choosing their instructors. Groaning under the yoke of civil and religious tyranny, they had few objects among which to select, and they seized with avidity upon the works which were most within their reach. The boldest speculations are most welcome to oppressed and discontented men; besides, absolute rule begets a habit of passive assent, which retains such influence, that, even when men throw off one yoke, it imposes upon them another of their own choice. Thus it was that the Spanish reformers gave themselves up to the new tenets which they secretly adopted, with that very spirit of *implicit belief and obedience* which had been enforced upon them by the institutions of their country; and, while the studies of their universities remained unchanged, and a barbarous jargon, called the Peripateticum, with Ultramontane principles, and routine Theology, were the subjects of public instruction; the students read and adopted as gospel the works of Locke and Condillac, Voltaire and Rousseau, Montesquieu and Mably—nay, even of Helvetius and D'Holbach. A printer of Salamanca, Don Fernin de Tojar, made it his business to publish translations of the boldest French works, probably for the use of the youths who filled the schools. His name will often meet the eye of such as examine the prohibitory edicts of the Inquisition; and the frequency of its occurrence, is a proof that his labours, in spite of persecution, were far from fruitless.

There were some, however, who did not allow themselves to be carried, by the principles of French philosophy, into the extremes of downright infidelity and democratic liberty. The spirit of reform, which was abroad among the members of the government, in the years which preceded the French revolution—that spirit, which stopped at the extirpation of persecuting intolerance, the checking of the influence of the Roman See, and the amelioration of laws proceeding from the throne, had many upholders in the Peninsula, among the ruled, as well as their rulers. Nay, even the Spanish disciples of French philosophy, like many of their masters, and, nearly all their brethren in other countries, often assumed the tone of moderate reformers, and acting in concert with the government, and giving utterance to only a part of their principles, directed their efforts, not towards the destruction, nor even the modification, of the existing institutions of their country,—but to the making them work favourably to the cause of social improvement. Modern Jansenism, that modification of Catholicism, of which Gregoire, in France, and Ricci, in Italy, were the most distinguished apostles,—found many proselytes among the Spaniards; some of them were sincere, though some were undoubtedly nothing but infidels in disguise. Beccaria and Filangieri found kindred spirits among the Spanish magistrates and statesmen; for Campaneres, Jovellanos, and a few more, may justly be classed with that school of writers. Charles the Third, notwithstanding his bigotry, and the influence of his ministers, though despotic and not well informed, showed some partiality towards the advocates of moderate reform. The censorship of the press was administered with something of a liberal spirit, and the reader of the present day, who may chance to turn over the leaves of *El Censor*, a periodical of that time, or even of the *Apologista Universal*, another, whereof a monk was editor, will be surprised at the principles which were then allowed to be promulgated, under an abso-

lute government, and in a country where the Inquisition was still in existence.

The reign of Charles the Fourth, which commenced during the later years of the eighteenth century, and extended over the earlier ones of the present, was an unfortunate one for Spain. On coming to the throne, that weak Prince had found Spain daily extending in intelligence and prosperity; but whilst his reign witnessed the end of the internal happiness, as well as the external power of the monarchy, so also did it see the progress of intellect hampered and checked, if not absolutely arrested. The reins of government were entrusted to the hands of that inexperienced court minion, Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, upon whose character every possible term of abuse has been exhausted, and who, though not exactly the monster which some have represented him, may truly be pronounced *weak and wicked* beyond the frailty and vice of ordinary men. It was his fate to rule during that period of great peril and anxiety to courts and courtiers, the days of the French Revolution; and it is not wonderful that the same jealousy and dislike of the press, and the same suspicion of all men of talent, which characterized contemporary governments, possessed his also. The living Spanish authors had, with few exceptions, imbibed the philosophic spirit of the age; though some had adopted it in its mildest form, and a few, chameleon-like, showed themselves ready to exchange its uniform for the gaiety of a court livery. Godoy was vain and vacillating—young, ambitious, with little talent, and utterly devoid of information—sensual and lax in his morals, passionate as well as presumptuous, when he resolved to become a philosophical minister, and a Mæneas of Literature. From being the enemy, he became the ally, of the republic—the only minister friendly to her among all the ancient governments—from being the natural persecutor of philosophical writers, he desired to become their protector and friend. He held his power by the apparently frail tenure of the caprice and submission of a bigoted king, and the love of a violent woman. The course he had to keep, was a perilous one, for he was hated by all parties, and particularly by the religious part of the nation. Sometimes he would turn round and face his enemies; then again, yield to them, when he thought that by so doing he could ingratiate himself with his royal masters. Thus he pursued a system of alternately patronizing and persecuting literary men: at one time he deprived the Inquisition of its power, and threatened it with extinction; and at another, employed it to punish his political adversaries. He gave a place in the ministry to Jovellanos, the first writer, and the greatest man of modern Spain—then thrust him into a dungeon. He protected for a while Melendez, the restorer and father of modern Spanish poetry, and then exiled him. He retained Cienfuegos, who was a writer of the decided philosophical school, in one of the government offices. He refrained from persecuting Quintana, although his sentiments were known to be friendly to popular government, and inimical to the throne and the altar as they then existed in his country. He was constant in befriending Moratin, the comic poet, Estala, a priest, and laborious writer, and Arriaza, a lyrical satirist; and the three proved themselves worthy of their patron, by the baseness of the flattery which they offered up to him, and the war they waged against all liberal principles. He patronized, too, an authoress of some comedies and lyric poetry, who ministered to his passions, and degraded her genius, and debased herself, by writing obscene verses of the most infamous description.

In a country where political freedom does not exist, where authors are confined to subjects exclusively literary, the connexion between politics and literature cannot be very obvious; yet

the very cause which prevents that connexion from being outwardly manifested in printed works, operates to the cementing and strengthening of it in secret. The effect of the burthens and restrictions of government upon an opposition, is to consolidate it.

The opening of the present century beheld the literary men of Spain marshalled in two armies—the one of the Court, the other of the People. The former were led by three acknowledged chiefs, to whom discretionary power over the press had been confided, though only one of them held the office of Chief Censor, (*Jefe de Imprentas*), and the two others, superior to him in literary merit, acted merely as his confidential advisers. These three, upon whom their adversaries bestowed the title of the *Triumvirate*, were Moratin, Estala, and the Abbé Melon,—the last being the official censor alluded to. Quintana headed the opposition party, which revered the names, and followed the ancient standards of Jovellanos and Melendez.

Few were the works either of lasting interest as to subject, or of commanding literary merit, of which modern Spain could boast; with the exception of the treatises upon political economy, the laws affecting legislation, by Campomanes, and the immortal memoir by Jovellanos, concerning the laws which affect agriculture, the latter part of the eighteenth century had produced nothing which could be recommended to the attention of foreign nations, or the regard of posterity. There was not one historical work worth reading. Don Juan Bautista Muñoz had begun a History of America, of which the first volume was published in 1791; but as this work, though recommended by the uncommon beauties of its style, contained little beyond an introduction, and no continuation was ever published, it can be judged of merely as a fragment.

There had been some good sermons published by Father Gil, Lavaig, and Don Josef Vela, closely imitating in their style the sacred oratory of the French. The 'Elogies' by Jovellanos, Vargas Ponce, Vieira, Muñoz, Gil, Clemencin, Cienfuegos, and a few others, may be charged with the defects, and praised for the beauties, inherent in this class of composition. Those by the eminent man first mentioned, are as elegant in style, and as eloquent in language, as any similar works with which we are acquainted. Count Cabarrus, (though born in France,) one of our best modern Spanish writers, had distinguished himself by his academical discourses. Even Poetry itself, which has always been more cultivated in Spain than any other branch of literature, had only given birth to short effusions, mostly lyrical—no long poem having appeared. Tragedy, and that only in virtue of two or three happy productions, which soar above the common level, could claim no higher praise than may be awarded to respectability.—Comedy had Moratin, an author justly admired, in spite of his great defects.

The ancient Spanish authors, notwithstanding the magnitude of the obstacles which they had to encounter, had produced some few works of considerable importance. Not so the modern; and yet we may boldly assert, that, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, the Spaniards were more enlightened than their ancestors had ever been. Perhaps this very enlightenment may account for the inferiority, or at least unimportance of their writings. They conceived more than they could utter. If they thought of writing History, they had something in view beyond anything which Mariana, Mendoza, Moncada, or Melo ever dreamed of; and this the present state of their government forbade them to publish. We may extend the same remark to most of the other departments of literature. As regards Poetry, the age and their country had alike become decidedly unpoetical; and

moreover, the field in which their imagination was permitted to revel, was strictly fenced in by the statutes of French classicism.

Hardly any prose work, worthy of mention, issued from the press in the course of the eight years which intervened between the beginning of the present century, and the breaking out of the first Spanish revolution. Quintana cannot find his best title to literary distinction upon the first volume of his *Lives of illustrious Spaniards*; the style of the work is harsh and incorrect,—far from reaching, in his narrative, that animation with which we are delighted in Plutarch; he has the dryness of Nepos, without his elegance.

That epoch, however, was not unfavourable to periodicals. The *Memorial Literario*, edited by M. Olive, and afterwards by M. Carnerero; the *Regañon*, (Grumblers), the *Minerva*, and, above all, the *Variedades de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, edited by a society, of which Quintana was the most distinguished member, were all publications of undoubted, though not commanding merit.

It was about this time that two very bad translations became the creed and the watchword of the two opposite literary parties. The 'Principes de Littérature,' by L'Abbé Batteux, a paltry work, was translated by M. Arrieta, under the patronage of the *Triumvirs*. This translation betrayed an utter ignorance even of the French language; and to the body of the work there were appended many lengthy dissertations upon Spanish literature, mostly derived from printed books, ancient and modern; the result of which junction was a production, not unjustly compared, by the *Memorial Literario*, to Horace's monster.

At the same time, Don José Luis Munarraz, a partisan of the opposite faction, published a translation of Blair's Lectures. With regard to the merits of the translation, it must be allowed that Munarraz was a little, but *only* a little, superior to Arrieta; but the critical articles upon Spanish literature, which were affixed to the translation, could boast of originality and boldness. They were occasionally severe, often unjustly so,—often with justice. They showed a preference of foreign over national literature; and, when Spanish productions were in question, of the modern over the ancient writers. These judgments were intolerably offensive to national vanity and prejudices, and afforded a pretext for open hostility. The *Triumvirs* availed themselves of their official power. The translator of Blair had prepared an abridgment of his work, and when he applied for the necessary permission to print it, he was answered by a long and bitter critique upon its demerits, terminating in a refusal of the licence; a most unparalleled abuse of the powers of censorship, whose office is merely to forbid the publication of writings offensive to religion, politics, or morals, and not to take cognizance of literary differences of opinion.

But whilst tyranny, guided by rivalry, thus controlled the press in the Spanish metropolis, literature was cultivated in some of the provincial towns. Seville was distinguished amongst these; a self-created unauthorized Academy of *buenas letras* was formed there, among the members of which were numbered Blanco White, (well known in England,) Arjona, Lista, and Reinoso, all of them belonging to the priesthood, and then attached to liberal principles, together with a few other individuals of inferior, though still respectable merit. They occupied themselves chiefly with poetry and literary criticism; and the *Correo de Sevilla* was their periodical organ. Granada had also its literary nursery, from which M. Mora Roca, a young man of great poetical genius, who was cut off by an untimely death, before he could reach the

height for which he was qualified by nature,—and Martinez de la Rosa, afterwards a senator and minister, sprung into notice. An academy was even formed in Cadiz, a mercantile town, the habits of which had been hitherto singularly averse to such pursuits. Its founders were a few aspiring young men, whose labours, however, are commendable for nothing beyond the honest zeal which actuated them. All these writers trod the same path: their only productions were short poetical effusions, and scraps of criticism; but in some of these we certainly find evidences of powers equal to more important undertakings, had their lot been cast under a free government, or in a country which possessed; what was still wanting in Spain, a reading public.

This state of things was soon put an end to, by a revolution which first shook, and then demolished, the whole frame of the Spanish monarchy, and diverted the attention of the Spanish people from the pursuit of literature, to the chances of civil war, and to scenes of strife and confusion. Yet the effects of this revolution might have been, and in fact were, partially beneficial to the cause of mental improvement, rather than otherwise. The spirit of patriotism happily employed eloquence and poetry in its behalf, to increase the excitement of the people against their French invaders. Still, it is true that many literary and philosophical men took part with the French; some of them, it may be, led by a hope of bettering the condition of their country under an enlightened government; others, beyond all doubt, actuated by base and selfish motives. Nor were there wanting those who embraced both causes in succession—and, after having, Timotheus-like, sounded the trumpet of patriotic resistance, used it, with weakened effect, to lull the storm, which, awhile before, they had been so assiduous in raising. Yet the opinion which foreigners have adopted, being led astray by the misrepresentations of French writers, and of the Spanish partisans of Joseph Buonaparte, is an erroneous one;—namely, that nearly all the Spaniards attached to liberal principles, ranged themselves round the French standard, whilst the insurgent or patriotic party consisted only of the nobles, the priesthood, and the mob, with a few writers, the devoted champions of tyranny and superstition. So far was this from being the case, that most of the leaders of the liberals embraced the patriotic cause; whereas the *Triumvirs*, those objects of peculiar hatred, exchanged their ancient service for that of the new French court,—remaining true to their habits of servility, when they changed their old principles, to make them suit their new masters. Jovellanos, released from his prison, was summoned to take part in the patriotic government. Cienfuegos died in France, whither he had been carried a prisoner, a martyr to his devotion to the popular cause; Quintana became the official organ of the insurgent government, and wrote nearly all their proclamations and manifestos; Blanco White, Antillon, Capmany, Martinez de la Rosa, and a host of writers less known, took the same side, and adhered to it through good and evil fortune. Melendez, and a few more, also gave their testimony in favour of the right cause; and it was owing to chance, and their own weakness, that they afterwards became followers of the wrong one. Yet, it must by no means be understood, that all the friends of improvement, and none of opposite opinions, declared for the patriotic cause. On the contrary, many supporters of the most arbitrary principles in government, and the most bigoted doctrines in religion, attached themselves to that party, which, as they understood and declared, had, or ought to have, for its object the upholding of the monarchy and old Spain. Many well-meaning individuals, at the same time, joined the French invaders, under the persuasion that a cure for the evils, under which

their nation was labouring, was not to be found in the preservation of independence, or the creation of a popular power, but in the rightly directed efforts of a vigorous and enlightened government.

The liberty of the press, which was granted by the Cortes, and the comparatively liberal administration of the censorship under the rule of Joseph Buonaparte, ought, as they removed obstacles which had impeded the utterance, and, to a certain degree, the generation of thought, to have had a beneficial effect upon Spanish literature. But these favourable circumstances were, of necessity, attended by others of a totally contrary nature. The revolution, and the war which was raging in the very heart of the country, kept up a perpetual excitement, which diverted attention from every subject which was not immediately connected with, and bearing upon, the events of the time. Politics, and exclusively the politics of the day, became the subject not only of all writings, but even of all thoughts. The publications of the period alluded to, could not, therefore, hope to awaken any lasting interest; yet it is to them that we owe a few of the important works, which throw a lustre upon the Spanish literature of the present day. Llorente's 'History of the Inquisition,' the 'Theory of the Cortes,' by Marina, the 'Examen sobre los delitos de infidencia,' commonly attributed to Reinoso, may be all ascribed to the causes above mentioned. The Cortes of 1810, elicited more knowledge upon several matters, than the Spaniards had credit for possessing; though, of course, it also brought forward many crude opinions and vague theories. Its debates were marked by several happy displays of deliberative eloquence (a new exercise for the thinkers of Spain), which, considered merely as bursts of extempore oratory, would do honour to the public speakers of far more civilized countries. At the same time, the writers of the French party left some favourable specimens of their powers in periodicals, and other publications.

The close of the revolution, instead of being favourable to the cultivation of mind, by restoring peace and order, was fatally the reverse. The literary men of Spain had all of them become politicians, and, with few or no exceptions, had enlisted themselves either on the side of the Cortes, or of the French invaders. When the King of Spain was restored to his throne, he declared himself opposed to both parties, and that with no small degree of severity. Most of the enlightened Spaniards became exiles—some were shut up in dungeons. Whilst the remains of Melendez were buried in a foreign land, Quintana was immured in a fortress, and Martinez de la Rosa sent to reside amongst galley slaves, in a horrible castle, on the coast of Africa. A great jealousy of the press—nay, of whatever tended to enlighten public opinion and to diffuse knowledge, made itself manifest in the acts of the Spanish Government. Thus the Restoration was doubly injurious to Spanish literature—by this infliction of punishment upon those who cultivated it, and the multiplying obstacles in the way of those who might devote themselves to it in future. The six years which intervened between the restoration and the new revolution would be little better than a blank in the literary history of Spain, had not the exiles availed themselves of foreign presses, and thus published some valuable works.

It is remarkable that the character of Spanish literature remained unaltered through all the vicissitudes of these times. It was precisely the same as it had been left by Charles the Third, and consisted, with few exceptions, of short essays. Many clever men might be numbered among its cultivators, but none who could lay claim to genius, or to first-rate talents. Jovellanos, belonging to an older generation,

may be mentioned as forming the only exception to this general remark, as he was the only living author whose commanding talents were unanimously acknowledged by native and foreign critics. He had, however, during the present century, published only one work; and that, though probably the most eloquent of his writings, had unfortunately his own personal vindication for its subject, and treated of subjects connected with the domestic politics and history of the national government during the first part of the Spanish Revolution.

We must now, after having thus generally surveyed the march of mind in Spain, descend into particulars, by entering into a somewhat detailed examination of the most remarkable productions, and of the talents of the most distinguished writers belonging to the period whereof we have proposed to treat.

The best prose writers of these times, then, were Jovellanos, Estala, Capmany, Martinez Marina, Conde, Llorente, Reinoso, Vargas Ponce, Semper, Quintana, Clemencin, Antillon, Lista, Blanco, Argüelles, Villanueva, Gallardo, Florez Estrada, Canga Argüelles, Martinez de la Rosa, Mora, Burgos.

The best poets of the same period were Melendez, Moratin, Quintana, Cienfuegos, Arriaza, Gallego, Reinoso, Lista, Arjona, Martinez de la Rosa, the Duke of Frias, Saaavedra, Mora Roca, Gorostiza, Burgos.

We have already assigned the first place among these names to—

JOVELLANOS.—The history of this illustrious man's life is well known to the English reader, and his Memoir upon the laws affecting agriculture has been often the subject of praise. An article upon it appeared in one of the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, though it was only through the medium of a French translation that it was made known to the British public. A complete translation of the work has been appended to Laborde's 'Itinéraire'; but this again was taken, not from the original, but from another French version. Some scraps of his other compositions have been extracted in the Appendix to the work upon Lope de Vega, Carpio, Guillen de Castro, and a few more Spanish dramatists, written by Lord Holland, who was a personal friend of the illustrious Spaniard. The *Foreign and the Foreign Quarterly Reviews* have both of them given articles containing a sketch of his life, and an examination of his political and literary character; the former abounds in extracts, the latter enters into details concerning the events in which he took a part, and also into a critical examination of his productions, collected and individual. Little can be added to these notices and judgments, which have appeared in such recent and well-known publications.

The opening of the present century was marked by an event by no means honourable to those concerned in it—the imprisonment of this celebrated man. He was immured in a convent in the island of Majorca, without having undergone even the semblance of a trial. From thence he wrote two remonstrances or petitions addressed to the King, which have been deservedly extolled for the moral courage, as well as eloquence, which they display; but the interest which they excited ceased when the persecution of which their author was the victim came to an end. So long as manuscript copies only were circulated, and it was a dangerous thing to possess them, they were eagerly sought after, transcribed, and read; but as soon as they appeared in print, they were discovered to be of no value save as historical documents.

When the insurrection of the Spaniards against Napoleon broke out, Jovellanos, who had been already released from his captivity in consequence of the fall of his persecutor Godoy,

was summoned to become a member of the Central Junta, which, for more than a twelve-month, had the government of Spain in its hands. He partook of the labours, and of the misfortunes, and, to a certain extent, shared the odium which it was the fate of that body to endure. The last days of his life were embittered by acts of popular violence, which he thought amounted to personal persecution, though they were, in reality, only casual insults, directed against a member of the hated and despised Junta, and not against the man, who was highly admired and respected by the generality of his own countrymen. We owe the work entitled 'Don Gaspar de Jovellanos á sus Compatriotas' to these events. Its writer died sixty-four days after it had issued from the press, harassed and fatigued—now flying before the French invaders—now subject to the suspicions of the patriots, and at the mercy of the disturbances arising from a state of popular excitement. Having reached a somewhat advanced age, the infirmities of which had been aggravated by the bodily and mental sufferings of many years, he breathed his last in a small town of Asturias, under the hospitable roof of a friend, who, whilst he afforded the wanderer (as he thought) a temporary resting place and asylum, was preparing for him his death-bed.

The melancholy circumstances attending this publication invested it with a solemn interest which few works can of themselves excite; but it did not need such adventitious aids to recommend it to the notice of the reading public. Its style, its faults, as well as its beauties, are perfectly Ciceronian—it had, indeed, been the pride of Jovellanos (and he did not value himself upon it without just cause), that he had imbibed the spirit of the Roman orator.

The eloquence of this great writer is solemn, dignified, and yet occasionally fervid. The stateliness of his style, and the cadence of his periods, while they betray the rhetorician, exhibit also the Spanish judge, of noble (or gentle) birth,—of sedate habits,—in whom the ancient characteristics of his nation, so discernible in all lawyers, while they appear prominently, are modified by other traits, the offspring of more general and philosophical studies.

In his earlier years, Jovellanos had been considered an innovator, and such he really was; towards the close of his life, though he remained still liberal and friendly to all improvement, he manifested a certain tendency towards conservative principles. His 'Elogios' approach the pretty in writing, and have something of a French air. His 'Informe sobre un proyecto de Ley Agraria,' is more robust in style. His last production, though bordering on the florid, is stern in its manner, with all its gorgeousness. He was, like his Roman prototype, always verbose,—a blemish which is chargeable upon nearly all the Spanish writers.

A collection of the several works, written by Jovellanos, was long a desideratum in Spanish literature. It has, however, been at last published by Don José Gomez Cortinas, one of the translators of Bouterwek. This collection is tolerably complete; but, probably, in consequence of existing political circumstances, his most eloquent production, the one we have just alluded to, has been omitted. As this treats only of events long passed away, and as the principles which it contains, though liberal, are far from agreeing with those promulgated and enforced by the Cortes, it is impossible not to lament the state of a country, where even history is so cruelly shackled, and where literature is compelled to withdraw its best productions from the public gaze—if, as may often be the case, they arise out of, or refer to the political transactions of past years.

In spite of a few blemishes, Jovellanos exhibits the best model of Spanish composition. His

writings form the connecting bridge between ancient and modern Spain—at once a halting place, and the most glorious monument of his own times. He has been long quoted as a perfect pattern of pure Spanish idiom. Recently, however, a few modern Spaniards have refused to acknowledge his right to this praise. But even if he possessed that merit (and it is certain that he made great efforts to attain it), it was still a secondary one—his endeavours aimed at much higher things. Not so his contemporary Capmany, who is by many considered his rival in this respect—nay, by some, his superior. This learned man and laborious writer, made it the entire business of his later years to restore the Castilian language to its original purity, and, by most Spanish judges, he is thought to have succeeded, though a few dissent from so favourable a judgment, and the causes of this dissent will be found to rest upon solid ground, if examined calmly and impartially.

DON ANTONIO DE CAPMANY Y MONTPALAU (he loved to give his *whole* name,) was born in Catalonia. The language of his childhood, therefore, was the dialect of that province, which partakes more of the Provençal than of the Castilian. This was a great disadvantage to a writer, who aimed at, and valued himself as being a model of true and pure Castilian diction. Whatever may be thought of his works, no one who knew their author can deny that he spoke the language, which he thought he wrote so well, very badly. His general accent, nay, often his idioms, were entirely Catalanian: therefore, for him to write good Castilian, was a feat somewhat difficult of performance, and the labour which it cost him is discernible in his writings.

He published, in the earlier part of his career, some works of general utility and interest. His 'Questions critiques' throw light upon many important points of the economical history of Spain. His 'Memorias críticas sobre la Marina, Comercio, y Artes de la ciudad de Barcelona,' are much more amusing than the title of the book might lead the reader to expect, and are a valuable contribution to the history of the middle ages, as they are composed with a critical and diligent research, which is rare among Spanish authors. His 'Apología de las Fiestas de Toros,' (An Apology for Bull-Fights), is a witty piece of sophistry. His collection of 'Ancient Treaties of Peace and Alliance between the Kings of Arragon and some Mohammedan Princes,' is interesting. On the contrary, his 'Teatro histórico crítico de la Elocuencia Española,' by no means realizes the expectations which its high-sounding title is sure to excite; it is, indeed, little better than a book of elegant extracts, in which, as is usually the case, the spirit of philosophical taste has been lost sight of in the selection. The preliminary discourse deserves but little praise; it is written, indeed, in tolerably pure Castilian, but in a vicious style, and a spirit of that fierce and fiery patriotism, which, with a view of serving the author's own country and tongue, counts it a necessary and praiseworthy thing to depreciate the merits of foreign languages and foreign writers. The survey of English literature, which it contains, may well make the English reader smile at the presumption of a man bold enough to pronounce a judgment upon that which he knew so imperfectly. His critical opinions of the authors, from whose works he has made extracts, show a strange mixture of occasional severity and injudicious praise.

From the publication of this work it was, that Capmany claimed his right to be considered as the purest and most idiomatic of Spanish authors. In the 'Filosofía de la Elocuencia,' another of his works, he had given copious quotations from French writers, to illustrate the figures of speech, and had, moreover, been guilty of gracing his text with Gallic idioms. It was in the

latter part of his life, when his anti-gallic feelings amounted almost to mania, that he re-wrote this work, and gave it a form to which we shall turn our attention hereafter.

In reality, the claims of Capmany to be thought a judge against whose decisions, on points of language, there was to be no appeal, rested only upon his very extensive reading in Spanish literature. Of the philosophy of language he had only crude and imperfect notions. He entered into a controversy with Cienfuegos, also a man of great learning, but a bad writer, and a decided Gallicist; and though the dispute turned upon the question of the one word *detalle* being Castilian or not, and Capmany was on the right side, he so mismanaged the matter, that, according to the all but unanimous judgment of impartial readers, he was worsted.

One of the best of this writer's critical productions is his Commentary upon a bad Spanish translation of Feenelon's *Telemachus*, by Covarruvias. It shows his humour to great advantage, no less than his acquaintance with his own and the French languages.

There is another work, of more utility than brilliancy, which has increased Capmany's fame among his own countrymen. This is a Dictionary of the French and Spanish Languages. He had already, at a much earlier period, published a work under the title of 'Arte de Traducir del Frances al Español,' which, though very imperfect, was in the main useful. His Dictionary far surpassed all the wretched works which had till then assumed that title. It was preceded by a short preface, which was, and continues to be, generally admired. This admiration, however, ought to be qualified: it is a vigorous and racy piece of writing, exhibiting a great knowledge of both the French and the Spanish languages, and containing several acute and just observations; but it is disfigured by an involved phraseology and confused metaphors, and blind national prejudices, which almost overlook, if they do not wilfully attempt to conceal, the merits of the French language.

But the work upon which it is known that Capmany principally valued himself was his patriotic effusion, 'Centinela contra Franceses.' In his moments of vanity, (which were of frequent occurrence,) he has been heard to declare that the stout resistance which the Spanish nation opposed to the power of Napoleon was mainly owing to this work. In one edition he asserts that the Emperor of the French insisted upon its being read to him, while he sat as a conqueror in his camp of Chamartin: nay, he even reached the point of persuading himself that his destruction was eagerly sought by the French government. A well authenticated anecdote will show how firmly rooted was this vainglorious belief. During the siege of Cadiz, in 1810-11-12, while he was sitting at the table of the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, whom he frequently visited, a bomb from the French batteries fell near or on the house. This was a very common occurrence, as a signal tower attached to the building, and the neighbouring steeple of the convent church of St. Francis, were a sort of mark against which the besiegers were in the habit of directing their fire; but the vain author interpreted the matter differently, and declared that he was sure the French knew that he was in the house, and had directed their shells against it mainly for the purpose of taking away his life.

This 'Centinela' is Capmany himself, with all his prejudices and all his talents,—impetuous, eloquent, coarse, quaint,—appealing to the worst and to the best passions of the human heart, embodying every national peculiarity, breathing that fierce spirit of patriotism so productive of both good and evil—of the love of our country, to the extravagance of upholding its abuses—of

the hatred of foreigners, even to the injustice of rejecting all improvement which is to be derived from them. There runs through every page a rich vein of broad and coarse humour, enlivened by occasional and not unfrequent flashes of wit. The French are represented as a combination of everything that is odious in human nature; even the gallantry and devotion to the fair sex, which is the Spaniard's boast, have so far forsaken the author on this occasion, that he vents his anger upon the French women, and passes upon them a sentence of sweeping condemnation—not on account of their supposed laxity of morals, which vulgar error prevailed at that time in many countries, and particularly in England—nor even for their love of show and harmless spirit of *coquetterie*, for to these they would themselves probably plead guilty,—but for their universal and downright ugliness! The politician or the historian, who may desire to become acquainted with the feelings of the vulgar and prejudiced during the earlier part of the Spanish insurrection of 1808, would do well to read the 'Centinela,' whilst those who are curious in literary composition will find it worthy of notice for its forcible and idiomatic, though certainly not elegant, style.

In another production of nearly the same date, Capmany has equally exhibited his good and bad qualities, both as a man and a writer.—has himself shown his eccentricities and foibles no less than his humour and knowledge. The proclamations of the Spanish patriotic governments, composed by Quintana, had been highly admired, and with some justice, though there is much in them to offend against good taste and Spanish syntax. Capmany was lynx-eyed to these faults, and blind to the merits which atoned for them: he published letters at Cadiz in 1811, concerning these proclamations, under the signature of "A good Patriot, who lives in concealment at Seville." His criticisms are frequently just, and always biting: not contented with noting the literary offences of his adversary, he attacks his personal character absurdly enough, and even his personal appearance; and, in defiance of all decency, coarsely alludes to a misfortune which had destroyed Quintana's conjugal happiness, of which, too, the accused was *merely* the victim. Nay, Capmany, who had been in the habit of visiting Quintana's house at Madrid, extends his enmity to all those whom he usually met there, and exposing their real or supposed offences, no matter how venial, to public gaze, seems to enjoy the havoc which he makes of their reputations. The reader must turn away from these letters in disgust: they were, however, much relished and praised by a public fond of scandal, and unfortunately their literary merits, both as pieces of composition and criticism, are of no common description.

Three years after this, Capmany published his last edition of the 'Filosofía de la Elocuencia.' The title of this work is calculated to mislead the reader, who would naturally expect to find in it a philosophical treatise. It is, however, an elementary book upon rhetoric, much in the style of Quintilian, or rather of Rollin and Crevier. In this, after the manner of a veteran offender, who feels, as his life draws to its close, compunction for the errors and vanities of his youth, and does his utmost to atone for them, Capmany lamented that, in his first edition of this treatise, he had been guilty of a heinous sin against patriotism in quoting and praising passages of French instead of Spanish writers. In his second edition, all these offensive parts were struck out of his book, and replaced by extracts from Spanish works. The book itself was totally changed, and now appeared, as it were, dressed in a national, antiquated, and very fantastic garb; and, whilst its author carefully copied the idiom, he also imitated the style, and, above all,

the peculiarities and defects of his models. The following sentence may be selected from many of its kind, as a specimen of that bad taste which had reigned over Spanish literature in the days of Gracian and Quevedo, and down to a much later period, which also Father Isla has held up to scorn in his 'Fray Gerundio':—

"Los antiguos nos daban dentro de una medalla todo un César; porque los grandes hombres se han de medir de pescuezo arriba."—[The ancients gave us within a medal a whole César; for great men are to be measured from the neck upwards.]

Capmany was a member of the Spanish Cortes of 1810, and a decided constitutionalist; but he performed a part which will surely startle an English reader, and would be thought very extraordinary in either of the British Houses of Parliament. He assumed the office of censor of the speeches, to watch over their grammatical purity, and against any transgression of the rules of Spanish syntax,—above all, no Gallicism was passed over by him unnoticed and unreported. He often rose to order, foaming at the mouth with anger, and his eyes flashing a patriotic fire, to denounce some phrase or word which he found to be literary high treason. Thus he condemned the using of the word *members* for *deputies*, though it was certainly an English rather than a French innovation.

Soon after the close of his senatorial labours, Capmany died of the yellow fever, at a moderately advanced age, though not very old. His tomb was graced with a laudatory epitaph, in which his political and literary labours were recorded. After the restoration of 1814, that tombstone was removed by order of the royal government,—a proof that it is not the infidel and the democrat alone who venture, with profane hands, to violate the peace and sanctity of the grave. But, notwithstanding his great faults, Capmany is one of the most remarkable authors that modern Spain has produced. He learned the Castilian language from books, for, as we have already stated, the Castilian dialect was not the one in which he first began to speak and think. Hence he became tinged with the peculiarities, and copied the phraseology, of the national writers of the preceding centuries, for he despised his contemporaries. He was, moreover, an eccentric man, all which circumstances combined give a character of great eccentricity to his style. He was not what his admirers have represented him, a great, and perhaps the greatest master of Spanish composition; nor yet can it be justly said of him "that his manner is so bad that they who are pleased with his works, may be certain of possessing a vitiated taste in literature,"—a sentence passed upon him by the writers of the *Gaceta de Bayona*, who, by thus reversing Quintilian's famous dictum upon Cicero, chose to indulge their political animosities, while they professed merely to pronounce judgment upon his literary merits.

There is no entire collection of the works of either Jovellanos or Capmany; and, perhaps, this is not to be looked for at present. While, on the one hand, the political principles occasionally maintained by the writers, do not suit the views of the Spanish government, nor could be permitted to appear in print,—on the other, the lack of readers would deter any publisher from embarking in what would certainly prove a losing speculation.

[To be continued on the 3rd May.]

+A similar and more recent offence occurred at Cadiz in the year 1823. After the fall of the Cortes, the tombstone which covered the remains of Don Tomas Isturiz (a highly enlightened and patriotic member of the Cortes for Cadiz), was also displaced. The spirit that expelled the remains of Blake from Westminster Abbey is not extinct.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is just now abundant amusement for the sight-seer in this immense and busy city; and the inhabitant of almost any quarter of the town may find food for the eyes in his immediate neighbourhood. If he abide in the Regent's Park, he may step into the *Diorama*, and cool himself with the 'Moonlight View of the Ruins of Fountains Abbey,' and watch the obscuring of the moon, and the twinkling of the stars, till he forgets the hour of the day, and the place where he is;—or he may admire the perfect illusion (no, the reality) of the 'Crypt of St. Denis' Cathedral,' with its kneeling figures, and its dim arches in the distance. When he has satiated his eye here, he may go (as we did a few mornings since) to St. James's-place, Hampstead-road, and admire Messrs. Hoadley and Oldfield's Stained Glass. They appear to be able to produce colours but little less brilliant and rich than those which blaze in the rose windows of our old cathedrals. Of some of the pictures exhibited, our readers will remember our having spoken before, when they were shown at Nixon's, in Cockspur-street—the Exhibition is well worth visiting. On his return, he may look in and see what is doing at the Pantheon—the Saloon of Arts is now visible—it is small, compared with the department allotted to merchandize, which promises to be very spacious and magnificent when completed. What would the masqueraders of other days say, could they return to this earth, and see the change which has passed over their ancient haunt? In Church-street, Soho, too, the lover of what is curious and beautiful may spend a very pleasant hour looking over Mr. Rogers's collection of Carvings. Among these are a set of panels (which, also, we have noticed before), two chests, formerly in the possession of the Cenci family, and a large cabinet, or *armoire*, recently imported from Antwerp, all of which are worthy of examination: some of the minutest specimens, too, are very finely executed.

We understand there is every probability that the Earl of Ripon will be the new President of the Royal Society of Literature.

Malibran does not come to Drury Lane this season, and it is doubtful whether Lablache will be able to quit Naples, as he is engaged there to appear with her. We may, it is understood, expect a second visit from Herz. We are told too, and are glad to hear it, that Lafont, the Parisian violinist, is expected in London to reap the fruits of the full season.

Why does not the Philharmonic Society make some arrangement with Paganini, to perform one of his grand concertos with full accompaniments? We should think that *now* his terms might not be so exorbitant as they have been.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 10th.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—The first paper read was on a general method in Dynamics, by which the study of the motion of all free systems of attracting or repelling points is reduced to the search and differentiation of one central relation or characteristic function, by Professor Hamilton, Astronomer Royal for Ireland. The author proposes to extend to dynamics the theorems which, in his system of rays, he had applied to optics. It was a subject too purely mathematical to interest general readers. This was followed by 'Observations on the Motion of Shingle Beaches on the sea-coast,' by H. R. Palmer, F.R.S., Civil Engineer, the substance of which was given last year in this paper. The reading of a paper on some elementary laws of Electricity, by W. S. Harris, was commenced.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

April 9.—Colonel Leake, Vice President, in the chair.—Two memoirs were read at this meeting, by the Secretary:—1. 'Inquiry whether the district of *El Paran*, in Arabia Petrea, did not anciently form a part of the Land of Egypt,' by Mr. Belfour. Among the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments, published by the Society (pl. 91.), are certain groups of Hieroglyphics, which Mr. Belfour interprets as importing, 'Governor, Defender, or Keeper of Paran (or Pharan).' He was led by the study of these to the conviction, that Paran was included in the Egypt of Scripture, and that the early Pharaohs had a government established in that region—an inference which appeared to him somewhat at variance with the opinion lately advanced in a paper read before the Society, that modern Egypt is not identical with the Egypt (Mizraim) of Holy Writ. He was, therefore, led to search for further evidence on this point. Having given in detail his interpretation of the hieroglyphic inscription referred to, Mr. Belfour proceeded to adduce a variety of evidence, collected from other sources, in confirmation of the fact which they appear to him to imply. His first reference was to Genesis, xxi. v. 21, where the district in question is termed, in the LXX. *Φαραν Αιγυπτου*, Egyptian Paran. He next alluded to the testimony of ancient geographers, which favours the opinion, that the Red Sea was not formerly the limit of the Egyptian territories in that direction, the Sovereigns of Egypt having founded colonies on its eastern shores, who spoke the same language as the people of Thebes and Memphis. In those regions Niebuhr found a vast building, full of sepulchral stones, carved with hieroglyphic representations similar to those of the Thebaide. The remainder of Mr. Belfour's memoir was occupied with historical conjectures respecting the probable period when the Egyptians established themselves in Arabia, and with general considerations on the extent of their dominions, which were shown to have embraced very distant parts of the bordering states, as early as the age of Ramses Sethos, the Sesostris of Diodorus. The most extraordinary opinion in regard to this point, is that of the learned Scherer, who asserts that the Egyptian priests were acquainted with the isles of the Atlantic—Jamaica, Hispaniola, Cuba, and even the continent of America. The Fortunate Isles, or Canaries, he adds, were known to the ancients in the times of Homer and Hesiod, (*Works and Days*, v. 169—172). There was in those islands a temple dedicated to Saturne, of which Pindar speaks, *Olymp. Od. ii. v. 127, &c.*

2. 'An Examination of Dr. Seyffarth's recently published work, entitled, 'Systema Astronomiae Egyptiacae Quadrupartitum,' by Mr. Cullimore. Our analysis of this latter paper is deferred to next week, it being impossible to place it before our readers in an intelligible form, without entering into more lengthened details than we can find space for in the present number.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 5.—The Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, M.P., President, in the chair.—Various donations were presented, among which were the following from Professor E. Burnouf: a copy of his 'Commentary on the Yagna,' one of the sacred books of the Parsis; from George Frere, Esq., the *San kwo-che*, a Chinese historical romance, in twenty volumes 8vo., and other Chinese works; from the Royal Society, 'The Philosophical Transactions, &c. for the year 1833'; from the Royal College of Surgeons, the Catalogue of their Museum, 3 parts 4to.; from Capt. Harkness, Secretary, in the name of the author, 'The Prosody of the Sanscrit and Félugu Languages,' and a translation of the verses of Vemana, by Mr. C. P. Brown, &c.

Lieutenants George and William Broadfoot, elected at the last meeting, were admitted resident members of the Society. Alexander Boswell, Esq., and William Geddes, Esq., were elected resident members of the Society.

Mr. Bird read a short Memoir of the late Capt. James MacMurdo, of the Bombay Establishment. Capt. MacMurdo was the youngest son of Major MacMurdo of the Dumfriesshire Militia, and was sent as a cadet to India, in the military service of the East India Company, which affords frequent opportunities for developing the mental resources of individuals; he had the advantage of being placed under the superintendence of the late General A. Walker, and having acquired a knowledge of two Oriental languages, his first public employment was on the staff of Sir John Abercromby, with the expedition sent against the Mauritius. He was next appointed Agent for Cutch Affairs, and was sent on a mission to the coasts of Makran, Sind, and Cutch, with a view of inducing the pirates who infested that quarter, to abandon their lawless pursuits. It was now that his attention became particularly directed to the ancient history of Sind, and the state of the river Indus. In 1814, he was appointed government agent on the Jhalawar frontier, and here he collected the materials for the account of Kattyawar, which was published in the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society. In 1816, he was made Resident at the Court of the Rao of Cutch, and in this capacity he redoubled his efforts to acquire information on the history and geography of Cutch, in doing which, he expended considerable sums. His death occurred on the 20th of April 1820, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The Memoir is concluded by some account of his literary labours, and a brief delineation of his character.

Thanks were returned to Mr. Bird for his communication.

Lieutenant Alexander Burnes then exhibited to the meeting his collection of ancient coins, discovered by him during his recent journey; among them is a square silver coin, which was at first supposed to be Sanscrit, but after being two years in his possession was proved to be Bactrian, and much resembling one described by Col. Tod in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society. Upwards of sixty coins were obtained from the tope of Manikyala; the singular structure now considered to be of Buddhist origin, described by Mr. Elphinstone in his journey to Cabul, one of which bears the name of King Caniskoi, a name like one which occurs in Raja Taringini, and, if authenticated, will be curious as tending to illustrate the History of Cashmir. Lieut. Burnes also exhibited a drawing of an edifice, many of which were found in the Himalayan Mountains, containing bones, &c. Fac-similes of the coins, &c. are now engraving for Lieut. Burnes's forthcoming narrative of his journey. The meeting adjourned to the 19th instant.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 15.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Lord Gray, Capt. Hoare, and Mr. William Pitt Drake, were elected into the Society, and three other candidates were proposed.

Edward Forster, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, read a letter from Lord Stanley, regretting that he was unable to attend the meetings of the Society, and resigning the office of President. The intention of the council to recommend the election of the Duke of Somerset, on the anniversary in May next, to fill the President's chair, was also announced.

A paper by William Thompson, Esq., Vice President of the Belfast Natural History Society, was read by the Secretary. The author in his paper, went into various zoological details, including a notice of the occurrence of *Larus*

Sabini in Belfast Bay, and a second specimen in Dublin Bay, both of them young birds of the year, in their first autumn plumage, one of these birds was exhibited, the other is in the Dublin Museum. A volume of Asiatic Researches, and the eighth part of 'Gould's Birds of Europe,' were among the donations to the library; and a collection of dried plants presented by Henry James Brookes, Esq., and another collection from the Himalaya Mountains, presented by Dr. J. F. Royle, were also on the table.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 9.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq. President, in the chair.

James Bryce, jun. Esq., Rev. Edward Targart, William Hopkins, Esq., Rev. Christopher Sykes, and Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Bart. M.D., were elected Fellows of this Society.

A paper, by Mr. Richardson, F.G.S., was first read, giving a minute description of the geological structure of the coast from Whitstable to the North Foreland, and an account of the changes which have taken place in the physical outline of the shore at Hearn Bay. Among the bones obtained by the author from the oyster bed opposite Swale Cliff, and exhibited to the Society, were those of the elephant, horse, bear, ox, and deer.—A paper, by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S., was afterwards read, on the ravines, passes, and fractures in the Mendip Hills, and other adjacent boundaries of the Bristol Coal Field, and on the geological period when they were effected.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 11.—Mr. Faraday on the definite action of Electricity.—The subject was introduced by a reference to some cases illustrative of the definite quantities in which bodies combined together, and in which also, when forces of different strength were opposed, decompositions were effected. Then passing to decompositions brought about, not by one body expelling another, but by the force of electricity, which left both elements of the compound at liberty, Mr. Faraday proceeded to show that these also were definite, and that a certain constant quantity of electricity not only always decomposed the same quantity of any one substance, but actually decomposed those proportions of different substances which had been found, in the ordinary force of chemical action, equivalent to each other. We reported in part upon this portion of Mr. Faraday's recent investigation of electricity, in our number for 8th Feb., and refer to that report at the present time.

At the close of the evening, Mr. Faraday (who seemed to be very suddenly apprized of the circumstance) announced to the members that their great friend and benefactor, Mr. John Fuller, had died that evening.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Tuesday evening Mr. C. H. Smith delivered a lecture on 'Marble, and its adaptation to ornamental purposes.'

Mr. Smith commented on the varieties of marble, and adverted to the different qualities of white statuary marbles, black, green, yellow, and grey. He also explained the method adopted in etching on the surface of marble any ornamental design, and mentioned its properties connected with chemical analysis. He likewise adverted to the different sorts of stactitic marble. In allusion to the Carrara marble, he produced a specimen of a statue of George the Third, which had been placed in the Royal Exchange only a few years since; and by crumbling a portion between his fingers, he evinced its liability to decay. He added, that the Triumphal Arch to Buckingham new Palace was formed of that material, and he had no hesitation in asserting, that in less than a century

it would be in a very dilapidated state. Many beautiful specimens were exhibited.

The Society, on Wednesday evening, voted their gold medal to Mr. T. Grant, for his valuable machine for the manufacture of ship biscuit. They also conferred their silver Isis medal on Mr. J. Warner, for his method of preventing the accidental discharge of fire-arms.

Several communications were announced, and referred to the different committees.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 7.—J. G. Children, Esq. F.R.S. President, in the chair.

—Donations of various books and insects to the Society's collections were announced.—Louis H. Petit, Esq. Barrister at Law, F.R.S., Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., and Thomas Pritchard, Esq. were elected members of the Society; and M. Schönherr, of Stockholm, and Signor Passerini, of Florence, honorary foreign members. Letters from M. Lefebvre, Secretary to the Entomological Society of France, and from Professor Weedeemann, of Keil, were read.—Various remarkable insects were exhibited.—The following memoirs were then read: 'Observations upon the habits of various East Indian insects,' by W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.L.S., amongst which the most interesting were the notice of the nocturnal flight of several species of tiger beetles, and the history of a curious wasp, which constructs its nest in apartments, sometimes selecting the keyholes of doors, and even the interior of flutes for its domicile.—'Observations on a mode practised in Italy, of excluding the common house fly from apartments,' by W. Spence, Esq. F.L.S.—'Account of the larva of *Cucullia Thapsiphaga*, a rare British moth,' by Mr. B. Standish.—Continuation of the Rev. F. W. Hope's paper, upon Succinic Insects, in which the author endeavoured to clear up the confusion which exists in the works of naturalists relating to gum copal and unime, the former of which, contrary to received opinions, was never found to contain insects. Dr. Ure, who was present at the meeting, stated that he had recently analysed various gums and resins, containing, or supposed to contain, insects, the account of which he detailed, and added, that he had obtained results of great practical utility, by the application of the new ethereal essence of caoutchouc. The meeting terminated with an interesting discussion upon the subject of the foregoing papers.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Phreological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	P. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution	P. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

THE Fine Arts seem to prosper: exhibitions of pictures open on all sides; ornamented books are the order of the day, and our table is loaded with periodical works, on which the labours of the graver confer their only value. Let us give a glance at the latter—paying little regard to rights of precedence.

'Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.'—This is the second number of Mr. Murray's great undertaking; no pains have been spared to make it worthy of universal patronage; the artists seem aware that many eyes are on them. 'Sidon,' by Turner, is, however, something too poetic; either a field of agitated corn—or the wild up-heaped waves of the sea—are between us and the city. How the waters can stand like a wall, we are at a loss to imagine.

As we look at 'Nazareth,' on which the sun is shining—we forget all the small defects of Turner, and think on his unequalled beauties. 'A Street in Jerusalem,' by Calcott, is, perhaps, the most interesting view in the present number. 'The Holy Sepulchre' too, by Roberts, is not unworthy of the others.

'Illustrations of the Bible,' by Richard Westall, R.A. and John Martin. This is a work bold as well as cheap; eight engravings on wood, accompanied by letter-press, instructive as well as elegant, and all for one shilling, must be received by the world with welcome. Wood, however, is not the best material for conveying a just idea to the world, of the splendid conceptions of Martin; nevertheless, Thompson, Branston, Jackson, and others, have exerted their skill, and the result is a work creditable to that mode of engraving.

Cabinet Illustrations of the Bible, No. 1 & 2.—Each number contains six plates, the landscapes from sketches of oriental travellers, and the historical pictures chosen from celebrated masters, the whole intended to illustrate the pocket editions of the Bible. The subjects are well selected, and the engravings creditable.

What is this? '*Scraps for the Year 1834*,' An American squib! A series of caricatures, illustrating 'Observations on the United States and Canada,' by the Rev. Isaac Fidler. Some of these etchings are sarcastic and biting; others, rude and repulsive; there is, however, a whimsical talent displayed in all. But it is not wholesome to make caricature disgusting or hideous: and if our transatlantic friends desire a model of what it should be, let them order '*George Cruikshank's Sketch Book*,' of which the fourth number is now before us. His 'Recollections of the Court of Common Pleas,' and 'Zoological Sketches,' are both inimitable.—*IT* too has made its appearance. The illustrations by Crowquill are good, but the crowquill text but indifferent.

Here is something to soothe us after the tipping travellers and horned fiends in the American squib—namely, two numbers of '*Finden's Gallery of the Graces*,' we know not that this is a popular work, it is, however, a very pretty one, and some of the ideal heads are fully entitled to the distinction which they claim. The first in the eleventh number, is a 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' by Wright, evidently a portrait: she is reclining under a tree, and there is something of a wild-wood air about her, which pleases us; but her arms and hands, though well proportioned, are heavy. The 'Margarita,' of Stone, is a little too fine for our fancy; she seems a soft smooth maiden, fit only to sit for her portrait, slumber in a church-pew, and sip whipt cream after the fatigues of a five minutes quadrille: neither has the 'Edderline' which Mr. Stone has imagined for Wilson's beautiful poem, spirit enough in her looks to realize the notions of the professor: she is a lovely lump in the hands of the artist—she moves in the pages of the poet with something of divinity about her—

She sends the blessings of her smiles
O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles;
And, creature though she be of earth,
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.

'The Gleaner,' in the twelfth number, by Edwin Landseer, appears to be a portrait, and one with something of a Scottish air; she is natural and pretty, but stoops too much under a very small burthen. Some of the verses by Bernard Barton, are as pretty as the picture. 'The Dreamer,' by Boxall, is soft and graceful—but we have had happier things from his hand, and hope to have more. The 'Emily,' of Parris, is a solemn-browed lady; some may like her for it—we are not fond of young ladies with melancholy looks.

'Switzerland,' by W. Beattie, M.D., illustrated by W. H. Bartlett.—This is a handsome and cheap work; and some of the engravings are of

great beauty. We are rather, we confess, weary of looking at scenes of France, Switzerland, and Italy, and though the letter-press which accompanies the plates is instructive and poetic, we are not sure that we ought to do more than recommend the work to tourists.

'Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.'—This is the last number of a very splendid series of engravings; nor is it unworthy of its elder brethren. There are three heads of eminent persons added to the landscapes, viz. 'Rogers,' a little too smooth, yet very like; 'Monk Lewis,' whom we never met with, and therefore can say nothing as to the likeness; and 'Madame de Staël,' who is not at all flattered; she had a fine vivacity in her looks, a dark intellectual eye, and, for a little woman, much dignity of manner: Gerard has, we think, caught something of each, but not enough to satisfy our remembrance of that remarkable woman. These illustrations, when bound up with Mr. Brockedon's descriptive letter-press, will form three beautiful and very interesting volumes.

'Heads of the Antique.'—This publication has reached a third number; students will find it useful, and lovers of ancient art will be reminded, by its engravings, of those masterly works, the originals of which are in foreign galleries.

'Harding's Elementary Art.'—In this work, the author, by example, as well as by precept, shows the power and the excellence of the lead-pencil in drawing. We would advise those who desire to study science and effect, to procure this elementary treatise; the language is clear and explicit, and the drawings vigorous.

'Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe.'—We are grieved to hear, that the death of Mr. Coney, from whose skilful pencil and graver, this work obtained its chief attraction, will cause it to stop at the seventh number. The publication, indeed, is complete so far as it goes; but, nevertheless, we feel that it will deprive us of many examples of architectural beauty and grandeur.

'Major's Cabinet Gallery.'—The eighth number of volume second, contains, 'Striking a Bargain,' by Teniers; 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' by Da Vinci, and a 'Dutch Ale-house,' by Mieris. The first is full of character, and is, moreover, skilfully engraved: the second resembles the original picture very closely; the third is not much to our taste; there is little in it; and that little is not very effectively given.

We now come to detached or single prints: some of these are of great beauty; others claim merit from representing scenes made dear to us by history or verse; and some, we are concerned to say, are entitled to little respect from any one who knows what is true art. We shall name but few.

Our readers cannot fail to be acquainted with the merits of Inskipp: there is hardly an exhibition without some of his very characteristic pictures; and we seldom write of such collections, without having occasion to notice the vigour and originality of his works. He has, we are glad to see, commenced publishing a series of Studies, engraved with great force and effect, and in close imitation of his manner. The head which he has put forth as a specimen, is that of a young lady in a large open black beaver hat; the beauty of the face, the darkness of the head-dress, and the singular grace of expression will make the print welcome to all. It reminds us much of the style of Gainsborough's Sketches.

'Queen Esther.'—This is engraved by Alfred Martin, after a drawing by his eminent father. The subject is well treated: the magnificent architecture, the richly attired groups, and the subject-matter in hand, unite in realizing Scripture. Nor has the graver, though held by a very youthful hand, failed in giving a softness and aerial beauty to the whole.

'Sir Thomas Denman,' painted by Barber, engraved by Hodgetts.—There is strong character and force of light and shade in this portrait; but there is something of harshness mingling with its merits; the head is too stern.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

DONIZETTI's 'Anna Bolena' was performed, for the first time this season, on Tuesday, in which the parts formerly sustained by Pasta and Rubini were filled by Signora Grisi and (Signor?) Ivanoff. We thought the experiment a little venturesome, and our pleasure was, in proportion, great at finding these young artists approach so near their more famous predecessors. While the deep and thrilling tones of Pasta were wanting to give its full expression to particular passages of the music, the freshness of Grisi's voice, and the purity of her intonation enabled us to enjoy portions of the opera, which we have formerly listened to almost with pain. Her wild and broken-hearted 'Giudici! ad Anna!' carried the audience away with her, and was a genuine burst of inspiration, and her acting and singing, in the last scene, finished the performance triumphantly.

And now of Ivanoff. This *débutant* has a more powerful voice than Rubini in the upper part of the scale, and the union of his chest and head voices is more equal; he sustains his notes firmly too; but he must, as yet, yield to the Italian in intensity of feeling, and facility of execution. Mrs. E. Seguin filled the part of *Jane Seymour*, and, putting her defective enunciation out of the question (a fault, by the way, which is chargeable upon all the Royal Academy pupils), was much more agreeable to us than either Madame de Meric, or Madame Gai, her predecessors in the part. Signora Salvi, as *Smeaton*, sung the romance too slowly and inanimately to produce any effect; she also introduced a very insipid *aria*, which we hope never to hear again; the opera is already too long and too mediocre to bear any additions. Tamburini also introduced a song from Rossini's 'Mosé,' which he sung with his usual skill; let him, however, beware of too much ornament in an *opera seria*, and of forcing his voice—it becomes sharp.

Mdlles. Elssler reappeared in one of those stupid entertainments, miscalled *divertissements*, which are stuck in between the acts of an opera, to the annoyance of all persons of good taste. They were well received, and danced with their usual activity and grace.

Third Philharmonic Concert.—This was a less interesting Concert than either of the two which preceded it; the symphonies being Mozart's Jupiter, and one by Haydn in G,—and we confess that, for the full enjoyment of a musical evening, we require to hear some work of Beethoven's or Weber's. But this very cause probably made the Concert more acceptable than its predecessors to many, who are not yet fully alive to the grandeur and originality of the latest school of writers. In the scheme there was no lack of novelty; two MS. overtures, one by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, called 'Melusine, or the Knight and the Mermaid,' and one by Mr. J. H. Griesbach, were performed for the first time; the former, like all the works of its gifted composer, exhibited much skill and experience of orchestral effect in the treatment of his subject, which was sweet enough to be the song of any syren, but was, as a whole, less effective than most of his other compositions; the latter was less fanciful, and rather deficient in contrast, but it is written in a fine vigorous style, and possesses great merit. We had also a 'Concerto Fantastique,' composed and performed, for the first time, by Moscheles. We much like these irregular compositions, begin-

ning with Weber's 'Concert Stück,' when they are the production of a master mind; and the one under consideration was full of beauties and contrasts, to which ample justice was rendered by the performer, whose perfect execution (a happy combination of delicacy and fire) we cannot imagine surpassable; his octave passages in the last allegro were absolutely miraculous. Mr. Wolff's performance of Spohr's 'Dramatic Concerto,' was unequal; in the introductory recitative he was too sharp throughout, and by no means effective; in the rapid passages and cadence of the last allegro, his bowing was very successful. He deserves an instrument less meagre in tone than his own.

Of the vocal part of the selection, we should have little pleasure in speaking.

Mr. Salaman's Concert.—This concert was well attended, and deservedly so, as the scheme was judiciously selected, and its promises fulfilled; though Madame Stockhausen laboured under so severe an indisposition that her absence might naturally have been expected. Mr. Salaman himself performed Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in c minor, and a Fantasia, by Czerny, on Swiss and Tyrolean airs. His playing is neat, and his execution sufficient to carry him over the most difficult passages; but he wants something of that grandeur of style, that intense solidity of expression, which Beethoven's music demands:—the same spirit, however, which leads him to choose such a composition for public performance, will, we have no doubt, one day qualify him for its perfect execution. The concertante, for four violins, by Maurer, performed by Messrs. Mori, Patey, Seymour, and A. Griesbach, was but an insipid affair, not so well played as it ought to have been. Signora Grisi and Signors Rubini and Tamburini appeared with great success, though the lady halted over her first song in a manner which leads us to think that the copy must have been incorrect.

MISCELLANEA

Elephant Hunting in Ceylon.—[Extract of a private Letter from Sir Wilmot Horton.]—We are on the eve of removing from Kandy to Colombo, where we shall remain till the end of the year, and then proceed to our England, Neweeia Ellia, a plain in the centre of the island, 6000 feet above the level of the sea, where there is a *bona fide* English climate, though very rainy and stormy in part of the year; but, in the best seasons, it has the climate of the finest summer weather in England, with autumnal nights. I went down on Friday to Kornegalle, on Saturday; we started at seven o'clock, and rode nine miles to a jungle, as they call it, which is, in fact, an interminable wood or forest, where 150 natives were ready to drive the jungle for elephants. Mr. R.— and myself clambered up a very primitive ladder into a tree, where was a prepared platform, large enough to hold ourselves and three loaders of guns; there we remained seven or eight hours; the process of driving a wood for pheasants was then enacted. The herd of elephants, about twenty-four in number, had been watched all night, and when we were on the ground, the circle began to close in upon them, and drive them up to the "fatal tree." If the elephants appear disposed to turn back, these drivers, who are as active as monkeys, are up the trees in an instant, and redouble their cries and the beating of tom-toms, till they move on again, when they descend to re-enact the same part. When the circle is nearly contracted, they light torches, and then the din begins louder than ever, and the elephant, having all the dread that a burnt child has of the fire, moves on. At last, after much waiting, cocking and uncocking the eight guns we had with us, five or six elephants appeared; I hit my first

on the nose about an inch from the narrow mortal part which is to be hit in the head; R.— killed her dead; I wounded another, which he killed; I then killed a third stone dead. When they drop, they roll down like the unloading of a waggon, and even their dying agonies are grave and solemn, and their groans low and deep. Before the end of the day, we killed fourteen, I having dispatched five; and when we descended from our tree, we were surrounded by these dead masses on all sides of us. I witnessed nothing that gave me a proof of their sagacity. I shot another lady, and she fell mortally wounded and could not get up. R.— shot her young one—at last she did contrive to stand for a moment on her legs, and poke out her trunk to feel her young one, but failed and fell. Their movements more resemble heavy swine than any other animal, yet they can run very quick, and they right-about-face with more agility than a horse, and you see their tails where their trunks were, before you are hardly aware that they are not advancing. This mode of tree shooting is rarely adopted here; the general rule being to face them on foot, which, it must be confessed, is a more heroic enterprise—but your tree gives you five times as many shots, and is quite as glorious as a *battue* in England. The animal is very slow to anger, but when roused, is incredibly aggressive. On one of these shooting parties, the head-man, who played the part of keeper, and organized "the chasse," was chased by an elephant, when in a moment he was, what he thought, quite safe in a cocoa-nut tree: the elephant, however, did not abandon his purpose, but broke the tree in two with his trunk, as if it had been a walking-stick—when down it came, and the head-man's head was cracked in four places, and he died in a day or two. The elephant never offered to touch him on the ground, feeling that his revenge had been sufficiently ample. Another instance I heard of an elephant so badly wounded, that though he could stand, he could not move on; two other elephants came up to him, one on one side and the other on the other, and, putting their trunks under him, supported him and led him off, exactly as a wounded man would limp off on the arms of his two friends. So much for elephants.

Decorative Printing.—Mr. Mudie, in the preface to his late work on British Birds, refers to the vignettes, by Mr. Baxter, on the title-pages, as the first successful specimens of printing in colours from wooden blocks, thus completing, as he believes, what was the last project of the great Bewick. On this subject we have received the following communication:—"I think Mr. Mudie, when he wrote this, could not be aware that I published a work avowedly to show the practicability of imitating drawings, by engraving on blocks of wood, and printing them in colours at the type press, with full instructions for the process, entitled 'Practical Hints on Decorative Printing,' in two parts; Part I. in the year 1819, and Part II. in 1822, each containing a great number of illustrations, in a variety of subjects, to show the extensive application of the process, and how it might be used with advantage; and some of the subjects were such accurate fac-similes of the original drawings, as to deceive amateurs, painters, engravers, and printers; and some of them have even been copied, as drawings, without the mistake being discovered. The work was reviewed and highly spoken of; it was laid before his late Majesty George the Fourth, when Regent, who expressed his high approbation of it; and it was largely subscribed for. In addition, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in 1825, awarded me their large silver medal and a sum of money for this improvement in the art of printing. I feel, therefore, that it is due to myself to deprive Mr.

Baxter of the merit of having produced the first successful specimens of printing in colours, and to claim it myself, if merit there be in these productions. With respect to the last project of Bewick, of printing in colours, if he ever entertained it, I should think it originated in seeing my work; for in his correspondence with me on the subject, he mentioned being in possession of some of Jackson's plans, which he promised to send me, but he did not mention any work that he meant to execute himself in this manner. W. SAVAGE."

The learned and scientific society at Geneva, which corresponds in the nature of its institution with the Royal Society of London, have unanimously elected Mrs. Somerville a member—the first instance of a similar distinction conferred on a female by that learned body.—*The Times*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 10	49 34	30.20	N. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 11	48 33	29.95	N.	Ditto.
Sat. 12	50 34	29.84	N.E.	Sleet, r.a.
Sun. 13	51 30	30.10	N.E.	Cloudy.
Mon. 14	52 32	30.29	N.E.	Clear.
Tues. 15	57 37	30.30	E.	Ditto.
Wed. 16	63 38	30.30	E.	Ditto.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus.

Mean temperature of the week, 41.5°. Greatest variation, 23°.—Mercurial atmospheric pressure, 30.07.

Nights and mornings fair, with frost; hail showers; hail-storm with thunder on Saturday.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6h. 6'.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

History of Scotland, by P. F. Tytler, Vol. V. *Sylloge Theologica*; a Systematic Collection of Tracts in Divinity, for the Use of Students in the Universities, and of the Younger Clergy, revised and illustrated with Notes, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth.

Reflections addressed to the Holy Seasons of the Christian and Ecclesiastical Year, by the Rev. James Brewster.

The People's Debt to the National Church; in a series of Readings, Historical, Biographical, and Doctrinal, Vols. I. and II. comprising the Age of Crammer, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.

Practical Advice to a Young Parish Priest, by the Rev. J. D. Coleridge.

Man, as known to us Theologically and Geologically, by the Rev. Dr. Nares.

Clavis Homilicæ; or, the Clergyman's Register of his Discourses, with reference to the Order in which the Holy Scriptures are appointed to be read.

Illustrations, the German artist, whose Shakespeare Illustrations have acquired for him a European reputation, has just consigned to English publishers, some exquisite designs, which are to appear under the title of 'Ketzsch's Fancies.'

Just published.—Anthon's Sallust, royal 12mo. 3s. —Sir Harford Jones Brydges' Account of His Majesty's Mission to the Court of Persia, 2 vols. 8vo. plates 38s.

—Sir James Sutherland's Map of part of Persia, forming a companion to Sir H. J. Brydges' Mission to Persia, 3 sheets, coloured, 21s.—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s.—Plain and Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Theoph. Biddulph, 12mo. 3s.—Sermons by John Baxton Marsden, M.A., 12mo. 6s.—Aristophanes, Plutus, with English Notes, by Cookeley, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Burns' Works, Vol. IV., containing the Songs, with Illustrations, 5s.—An Easter Offering, 21s.—Shew's Parish Officer, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Shaw's Every Man his own Lawyer, 12mo. 9s.—Conversational Exercises on the Gospels, 2 vols. 18mo. 5s.—Brooke's Atlas, 12mo. 12s.—Juvenile Spectator, 18mo. 6s.—Atterall's Curate of Marsden, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Fox on Disorders of Women and Children, 8vo. 6s.—A Series of Lay Sermons, by the Elrick Shepherd, 12mo. 7s.—Medical Case Book, 3s. 6d.—Coghlan's Guide to Paris, 3s. 6d.—Coghlan's Guide to France, 1s. 6d.—Carême's Royal Parisian Pastrycook, 8vo. 12s.—Abbott's Child at Home, Part II. 32mo. 1s.—Wallace's Mathematical Calculator; or, Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, 18mo. 3s.—Millhouse's Destinies of Man, 12mo. 5s.—Reece's Medical Annual, for 1834, royal 8vo. 5s.—Nautical Magazine, Vol. 11. for 1833, royal 13s. 6d.—Nautical Magazine, Vol. I. 11s. 6d.—Sidney's Life of the Rev. R. Hall, with Portrait, 8vo. 12s.—Treatise on the Hair, 18mo. 1s.—Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works, Vol. III. royal 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works, 3 vols. complete, royal 8vo. 4l. 13s. 6d.—Parker's Exercises in English Composition, 12mo. 3s.—A Voice from the Counting House, by Raymond Percival, 1s.—The Rev. E. Bickensteth's Sermon on Redeemer's Advent, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Rev. B. Wood, royal 12mo. 6s.

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* Genesis, chapter 1, verse 1 and 2. † Ibid. verse 3.

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Published by Messrs. BULL and CHURTON, 26, Holles-street, London; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen in the United Kingdom.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen in Town and Country.

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